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THE FIRST DUTY OF ENGLAND.

THE institution of a thoroughly efficient Channel fleet is not only an object of primary importance—it is the first duty of the Government and the nation. The expense will probably be heavy. The expense of raising a sufficient number of volunteer seamen, seamen's wages being what they are, will certainly be heavy. This is the result of the false economy of laying down, for the sake of a momentary relief from taxation, that which it afterwards costs us double to restore. Our burdens have lately been increased, and we have still India on our hands. Yet the effort must be made. It ought to be made irrespective of any danger of attack. But it would be absurd to say that a danger of attack does not exist. It is enough to create such a danger, that a few leagues from our coast vast and increasing powers of aggression are wielded by a despotic and irresponsible Government which may find it its interest in extremity to cast the die of war, and which may, if it continues in its present course, be any day brought to extremity by the disaffection of its own people. But besides this, we are, in the eyes of that despotic Government, the rankest and most offensive upholders of political and moral freedom in the world. Without a strong Channel fleet, our coasts are open to sudden invasion, in the opinion of the most competent military judge; and the only words of terror which the Duke of WELLINGTON ever uttered are still ringing as a warning in our ears. Our arsenals themselves are unguarded, and open to a blow by which we might be fatally crippled at the outset of a contest in which our national existence would be at stake. It is vain to speculate how that blow might be dealt—there are a thousand ways of striking those who are unarmed and unprotected. On the national defences every eye ought to be turned, and the Government which can put the national defences in the best state is the best Government at the present time. Parliament ought not to separate without an assurance that England will speedily be able to ride the narrow seas with force sufficient to protect her own shores, and the interests of liberty and civilization which have found a refuge there.

The Belgian Government has determined on raising a loan for the purpose of fortifying Antwerp as a citadel of refuge where, in case of a piratical invasion, the Belgian army and militia might hold their ground till assistance could arrive. The fortifications will probably take the form of an entrenched camp, capable of containing within its circle of forts the collected force of the country. It is not improbable that the King of the BELGIANS may have taken the opportunity of his recent visit to England to concert the necessary measures of protection, and inculcate on us the necessity of raising the Channel fleet. The KING sees enormous aggressive preparations being made, and must know that these preparations must be either a mania or a menace, and that a mania for expenditure is not likely to prevail in the present condition of French finance. He is evidently conscious that the storm which has gathered before is again gathering over Belgium. It has not been arrested by the large concessions which the Belgian Government has made to the exigencies of the Imperial régime. To the French people, Belgium is a monument of their former liberties, a reproach of their present servitude, and a pledge of their capability of future emancipation. To the French Government, Belgium is the friend of their enemy—the freedom and self-respect of the French people. It is scarcely possible that LOUIS NAPOLEON and his advisers should tolerate with patience such a scandal and such a firebrand at their door. Moreover, all the Napoleonic traditions point to the annexation of Belgium as a natural part of the Empire. There is, of course, no pretence for an attack. The Belgian Government has gone to the very verge of

honour and independence in repressing all that can give umbrage to Imperial jealousy and fear. But it would not be difficult for the wolf to find some pretence for seizing on the lamb. There seems to be even an inclination to treat the fortification of Antwerp as an insult to the pacific and undesigning Government which, though threatened by nobody, has just completed the arming of Cherbourg, and made, without any obvious cause, a vast addition both to its naval and military power.

The intentions of the Sovereign whose immense preparations are disturbing the peace of Europe are of course inscrutable. He has as yet shown no hostility to this country. He has always professed, and still professes, goodwill towards England, and a desire to maintain the English alliance. He has allowed to pass what might have seemed a good opportunity of executing any designs against us. While the Indian mutiny was at its height, he offered us facilities for the conveyance of our troops, and he seems to have checked French officers who would have gone out to offer the aid of their military science to the mutineers. His invitation to our QUEEN to be present at the opening of Cherbourg is a strong guarantee of amicable intentions, because, if followed by unprovoked hostilities, it would be an act of gratuitous treachery which would draw down upon its perpetrator the indignation of the civilized world. But still, he is the author of the *coup d'état*; and his recent acts have shown that he is ready to retain the prize of his lawless ambition, if necessary, by the same means by which it was won. If he is capable of committing the naked atrocity of assessing his own departments for innocent victims to a reign of terror, he cannot be supposed incapable of plunging into the atrocity, veiled by glory, of a foreign war. He has constantly at his ear men who are notoriously the deadly enemies of England, whose infamy fears no addition, and whose minds steeped in treachery, tyranny, and apostacy, have lost the sense of crime. He has also constantly at his ear men who, as fanatical Ultramontanists, are burning to use French bayonets, even though wielded by infidels, in a crusade against the religious liberties of Christendom; and who see in the Empire a blessed and unhoped-for incarnation of violence which offers the last chance of quenching the light of reason and truth in the blood of their adherents. His interested intrigues in the East for the purpose of linking the French Ultramontanists with the possession of the Holy Places, involved us in the war with Russia. Scarcely was the blood of our soldiers, mingled with the blood of the soldiers of France, dry on the fields of the Crimea, when he began to intrigue with Russia against his late allies. He continues to occupy Rome with his troops, against all international law; and he has given repeated indications of further designs in the direction of Italy. His dark and plotting ambition has now for the second time assisted in making a representative of sabre-sway dominant in Spain. In O'DONNELL he has an apt accomplice for any designs against the liberties of Europe, and the success of that adventurer is accompanied by a violent demonstration of Spanish animosity against England. In the matter of the Principalities he is acting against us, and in the interest of Russian ambition; and the appearance of a Russian frigate in the Mediterranean, acting with a French squadron and under the orders of a French admiral, is evidence of an understanding which is something more than intimate. The pamphlet entitled *Napoleon III. and the Principalities*, roundly tells us—what indeed is sufficiently evident—that Cherbourg has been armed, in accordance with the views of NAPOLEON I., as a means of striking a blow at England; and it further states that if France is “humiliated”—that is, if she does not have everything her own way—in the matter of the Principalities, the blow will assuredly be struck. This pamphlet is not divested of all significance by the assu-

rance of the *Pays* that, in spite of similarity in form and title, it has no analogy to the Government pamphlet *Napoleon III. and England*. But the decisive fact is that LOUIS NAPOLEON refuses to give the one sufficient guarantee of peace, by confining his armament within the limits necessary for defence. He may mean nothing by all these preparations. He may mean only to keep us in check while he attacks or coerces some other nation. But he, or those who succeed to his power in case of his death, may be led by their passions or their necessities to do more than they mean; and it is scarcely possible for them to engage in hostilities in any quarter which would not draw us immediately or ultimately into the vortex. The feelings of amity entertained by this nation towards France are not doubtful. Not one single syllable has ever escaped any English speaker or writer bearing the slightest analogy to the threats which are constantly levelled at us by the press which is under the control of the French EMPEROR. All that any Englishman desires is that LOUIS NAPOLEON and his advisers should have before them cordial harmony with England if they choose peace, and certain defeat if they choose war. To place a strong barrier to the reckless and selfish ambition of the French Government is not only a duty we owe to ourselves, but the greatest service we can possibly do the French people.

GREAT BRITAIN AND SARAWAK.

IT seems that the country must now prepare for the natural sequel of the heroic drama which has been enacted in the Eastern Archipelago. Under the eyes of a single generation, Sir JAMES BROOKE has illustrated—and happily without any darkening shades—the process by which almost every inch of our colonial dominion has been acquired; and the question now is, whether this latest acquisition shall be treated as no other fragment of empire has been, and be surrendered to barbarians or to hostile monopolists. The English Rajah of Sarawak has but one life to live. He is childless, and there is no known Englishman who could be trusted single-handed with the succession after his death. Filled with fear for the little edifice of civilization which he has painfully raised, Sir JAMES is anxious to place it formally under the protection of his country, and offers, it is understood, to cede it on almost any terms. We do not believe that any English Government could safely decline the proffer. Setting aside considerations of national policy, the story of Sarawak is one which has long since penetrated to every English fire-side; and the abandonment of the place would provoke a burst of disgust which would be infinitely more damaging to any set of English politicians than the heaviest of those conventional sins which are imputed by Tories to Whigs and by Whigs to Tories. The danger, however, is that apathy and procrastination may be allowed to have the result which no English statesman would deliberately venture to bring about, and it is therefore important to show that urgent reasons of policy point in exactly the same direction as the general sympathy of the country.

It is enough to say that, without the possession of Sarawak, the chain of small British stations which (though with long intervals) connects India with Australia, and either of them with China, would be completely broken through. Unless it be by way of Sarawak, the electric telegraph can never be carried from Singapore to Hong-Kong, nor can any steam service be organized on a scale commensurate with the wants of commerce. Sarawak is almost boundlessly supplied with coal; and, indeed, nothing beyond a greater degree of fixity in the political situation of the Principality is required to attract capital, which may make it one of the greatest coal-producing localities in the world. The urgent reason, however, for securing the foothold which BROOKE has here given us in Borneo is its immeasurable importance in the contingency of war, or of an armed peace almost equally pernicious to commercial enterprise. In one of his addresses, Sir JAMES BROOKE has pointed out that we gain in Borneo exactly that commanding position in the Chinese seas which we lost through our imprudent cession of Java. If we had a military and naval station in Sarawak, we could easily reckon with any European power which might attempt to disturb our trade with Canton and Shanghai. Deprive us of that basis, and all that mighty and multiplying fleet of British trading vessels which now swarms along the coast of China is at the mercy of any belligerent sovereign who can spare half-a-dozen frigates from the Mediterranean or the North Sea. We

cannot even flatter ourselves that Sarawak, if we abandon it, will at least not fall into hostile or inimical hands. For we have but to desert it for a month, and it becomes a colony of the Dutch. We doubt whether all of us quite understand in England what is implied in this change of ownership. There are no doubt certain civilized communities which, so far as British commercial interests are concerned, might just as well exercise sovereignty over some of our colonial possessions as England herself. British profits would not perhaps fall off, nor facilities for traffic fail, if the French had the Cape, or the United States Australian Victoria. But, whether this be true or not of the Powers we have named, it is emphatically not true of Holland. Wherever the Dutch ensign is once planted, the English flag disappears. The whole history of Eastern commerce proves this. To a commercial genius equal to ours, the Dutch add a spirit of monopoly and an exclusiveness which so little characterize our own mercantile policy that we can hardly understand them. Many Englishmen have observed with wonder the gradual exclusion of English commerce from every field occupied by the Dutch; but their curiosity has been hardly lively enough to tempt them into tracking the real causes, which are unquestionably a poignant and peculiar jealousy of English enterprise, a never satiated cupidity, and a settled colonial policy of obstruction and annoyance to British interlopers. What English merchant ever attempts to break through the prohibitive cordon which Dutch colonial regulations and government monopolies have drawn round that exhaustless island of Java, which but for our folly might have still been ours? Alone among nations, the Dutch unite the commercial activity of the present century with the jealousy and exclusiveness of the last and the last but one. Yet this is the very community which, in all the Indian and Chinese seas, is greedily waiting to play jackal to the British lion; nor is there a shadow of doubt that the slightest error of policy in the Archipelago will involve in the isolation of Java the still more opulent Borneo—Borneo, which, as Sir JAMES BROOKE tells us over and over again, is “the other gate of China.”

There is, no doubt, a general disinclination to add to those diplomatic embarrassments and to those claims upon the public purse which our outlying colonial possessions are pretty constantly creating. We are sure, however, that sympathy with Sir JAMES BROOKE overweighs, with the public at large, the usual vague uneasiness about extensions of the empire; and we think, moreover, we have said enough to show that this is a case where the advantages, certain as well as contingent, are so prodigious, that the merely contingent risk ought to be undoubtedly faced. It must be remembered too, that however we may dislike the process by which the empire enlarges itself, we have never formally arrested it. No Englishman who has acquired dominion for his country, even on the most inhospitable or useless coast, has ever yet been repudiated. The Foreign Office is provoked, and the Colonial Office snubs the adventurer, but the acquisition is incorporated with the mass of English dependencies. It would be most shameful if a new policy were inaugurated by the disavowal of an heroic Englishman who has acquired a fair region in the face of day and amid the enthusiastic applause of his countrymen, and who has always had the countenance, and sometimes the active assistance, of the Government which he now asks to supersede him. We concede, indeed, a good deal more than is necessary when we speak of Sarawak as a gift likely to provoke the same sort of suspicion which would be called up by an offer of territory in Central America. Sir JAMES BROOKE's title against his native neighbours is complete. Neither the Dutch nor any European Power can have a word to say to our assumption of dominion over a principality which they in fact look upon as already ours. The simple truth is, that a present of inestimable value is held out to us, and the only question is whether we will raise our hand and take it.

THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY COMMISSION AND TRINITY COLLEGE.

IT is not easy to attract public attention to University questions, but the proceedings and proposals of the Cambridge Commission possess an interest for all who regard either the security of property or the maintenance of sound principles of legislation. The most competent judges consider that the large discretion entrusted to the Oxford

Commissioners was, under the peculiar circumstances, indispensable; but the scheme of reform which has been tendered for approval to the authorities of Trinity College affords a strong illustration of the error which Parliament generally commits when it delegates its powers to any body of individuals. While a dock or railway company is strictly precluded from taking a square yard of land for its own purposes without an opportunity for the owner to resist the appropriation, or without security for full compensation, half-a-dozen gentlemen, who find themselves assembled under a Parliamentary Commission, coolly proceed to redistribute the revenues of the noblest and most efficient educational corporation in the kingdom, and confiscate, without hesitation, a property which may be estimated at between 3000*l.* and 4000*l.* a year. The authors of this scheme are for the most part respectable dignitaries—bishops and judges, deans and head-masters—who may be supposed to entertain no violent prejudices in favour of innovation; but Constituent Assemblies, Provisional Governments, and Committees of Public Safety always find it necessary to prove, by a display of revolutionary energy, that their exceptional powers were not given in vain. Some members of the Commission may in former times have speculated on theories of University reform, and all of them appear to have supposed that the future constitution of the Colleges was as open a question as when the various founders first occupied themselves in drawing up the statutes which accompanied their respective benefactions. If any scruple or hesitation arose among the elderly prelates of the Commission, it was probably overruled by the well-founded confidence of their youngest colleague, the utilitarian Crichton of the day. The admirable Scotchman who has secured a kind of immortality by his universal accomplishments, followed the fashion of his time when he rode the great horse in the morning, disarmed a fencing-master at noon, disputed triumphantly with three polyglot professors on as many sciences after dinner, and delighted the court with his corantos or lavoltas in the evening. Lord STANLEY, born in a more practical age, gratifies the same noble ambition by a mixture of doctrine with action which embraces almost every department of political or serio-social life. While the Colonies and India were yet expecting their destined administrator, agricultural meetings, reformatory institutes, atheneums, and societies for education, profited abundantly by the leisure of an omniscient teacher; and when it was determined that new light should be thrown on the darkness of Cambridge, it was not surprising that Lord STANLEY should have a principal share in correcting the defects which might have offended his early judgment during his recent three years' residence. It was true that Trinity College was as nearly exempt from abuses as any institution in the country, but a Commissioner with legislative powers must be strangely deficient in ingenuity if he fails to devise some plausible change in the distribution of 20,000*l.* or 30,000*l.* a year. It may always be remarked that wealthy noblemen and highly-paid functionaries regard with peculiar dislike the allotment of any excessive income to their inferiors; and therefore, in the new agrarian law of the College, it is not unnaturally provided that no fellowship shall exceed in value one-twentieth part of the revenue which properly belongs to a Bishop of Lichfield or of Chester, to a Vice-Chancellor, or to a President of the Board of Control. There may be many plausible reasons for the limitation of College dividends, and the objection of malcontent Fellows, that the property is after all their own, will receive little attention as long as there is no risk that an Act of Parliament will be passed for the better application of the revenues of Knowsley.

The Act under which the Commission exists was introduced for the sake of conformity to the inapplicable precedent of Oxford, and it was brought forward in a manner little creditable either to Parliament or to Lord PALMERSTON'S Government. The conduct of the Bill was entrusted to one of the most obscure of the subordinate Ministers; and Mr. BOUVIERIE took the opportunity to insult the University by a series of ignorant sneers, while, to the disgrace of the House of Commons, he was allowed, without reproof, repeatedly to designate the College endowments by the opprobrious term of "charities." The measure itself, although it contained some useful provisions, was scarcely necessary, and the powers vested in the Commission with respect to the Colleges were excessive and wholly uncalled for. During a long series of years successful efforts had been made to

remove the restrictions which interfered with the efficiency of the various foundations. Nearly all the fellowships were distributed with the most scrupulous fidelity, according to the result of competition in the University or College examinations, and it is from the admirable results of the Cambridge system that the competitive principle has acquired the popularity which has enabled theorists to introduce it into the public service. The English rule of letting well alone, or the French maxim that the better is the enemy of the good, ought to have suggested the expediency of leaving a vigorous organization to its uninterrupted tendency of expansion. If any legislative interference was necessary, it ought to have been afforded in the form of facilities for spontaneous and domestic reforms; and even the power of re-distributing the revenues, which was conferred by the Act on the governing bodies, might not have been altogether objectionable if it had stood alone. The provision that, in default of Collegiate legislation, the power should lapse to an irresponsible junta, altogether neutralized the beneficial operation of the enactment. It was undesirable that the Colleges should remodel their system in a hurry, and it was highly improbable that they would undertake the task under compulsion. The menace of a partial confiscation of their property by the Commission must effectually have put an end to any liberal intentions which any of the Colleges may have entertained of making a contribution to the funds of the University.

The Act, with all its faults, might have worked less mischievously if the Commissioners had not displayed a perverse ingenuity in violating its obvious meaning. Parliament, with all its indifference and ignorance, intended that the Colleges, as a rule, should remodel their own statutes; and it was only in the event of their failing to accomplish the task within a definite period that it was to devolve on the clique of revolutionary amateurs. But it is found that among the weaknesses which are developed by the sudden possession of irresponsible power, a spirit of arbitrary caprice is generally associated with a propensity to trickery and pettifoggery. Not one of the Commissioners in his private capacity would have condescended to the contrivance by which the collective body superseded the legislative powers conferred on the Colleges. By the 29th section of the Act, the authority to frame Statutes lapses to the Commission, "if the powers granted by the 27th Section shall not be exercised by any College, or shall not be exercised to such extent as the Commissioners shall deem expedient, and no Statute for effecting the objects of such powers, or no Statute which the Commissioners shall deem sufficient for their purpose, shall be submitted by the governing body of such college, or the major part thereof, to the Commissioners, and approved by them before the 1st day of January, 1858." In one instance, and probably in many other cases, a college submitted an amended scheme in June, 1857. In the following December, the Commissioners for the first time asked for a statement of revenues and expenditure, and up to the present time they have never declared their approval or disapproval of the amendments. It would have been their duty to act in concert with the body which they were authorized to stimulate and to control in the task of legislation, and it would have been only fair to assume that objections urged in good faith would either be met by sufficient explanations, or received with practical deference; but the court of appeal was resolved to displace the primary jurisdiction, and accordingly the numerous and varied foundations of the University are all to be trimmed down by external agency to one pedantic pattern.

The Draft of Statutes for Trinity is probably intended to serve as a model for the smaller foundations; for a similar scheme has already been tendered to St. John's, the second College in the University. It is a part of the plan that fellowships are to be tenable only for ten years from the M.A. degree—outgoing clerical Fellows retaining their right of preference for College livings. All scholarships and fellowships are thrown open to general competition, or, according to the conventional slipshod of the project, "intellectual qualifications shall be tested" by a general or special examination. The absurd proviso is added, that the Master and Seniors, who have absolute authority to determine the subjects of examination, may give a preference, in adjudging one or more scholarships or fellowships, to excellence in certain specified studies. As the "intellectual qualifications" of all candidates are now most severely and effectually tested, it was scarcely worth while to substitute a new enactment for the existing

Statutes. It would rarely happen that a student from another College would compete for a Trinity fellowship; but if such a provision is made universal, the small Colleges will be virtually annihilated. Practical and local experience will confirm a statement which it would be difficult to explain in such a manner as to interest general readers. The conclusive objection to the proposal of the Commissioners is that there was no abuse which required a remedy, and that it is not reasonable to revolutionize a flourishing system, in the hope that it may be made more consistent with some arbitrary theory. If all the College endowments are to be thrown into a common fund, and redistributed at pleasure, it would be far better to amalgamate the small Colleges into separate groups than to open all the foundations to foreign candidates.

The Commissioners propose to take 1800*l.* from the revenues of Trinity for the foundation of three University Professorships on such subjects as may be hereafter determined, and they further proceed to plunder the College of five per cent. from its distributable revenues to be paid into the University chest. The necessary means are to be provided by annexing one-half of the income of the seniors, as well as any surplus which may arise from the excess of the ordinary dividends over 250*l.* a-year; but the amount which is seized on the pretext of founding promiscuous Professorships is fixed, and, if the revenues are insufficient, the Fellows must bear the loss. On the other hand, the income of the Master is largely increased; and that dignity is further authorized, if he chooses to keep a carriage, to pay the expense out of the College funds.

The Act has fortunately provided a security which, in the majority of Colleges, will reduce the scheme to the more useful condition of waste paper; for two-thirds of the governing body, by declaring their dissent within two months, have the power of setting the Commissioners to recommence their work. If the question were in the power of an actual majority, Trinity College would have no reason to complain of any consequences which might follow from the neglect of a plain and obvious duty; but the Commissioners evidently hope that a dissentient or neutral section in every College will enable them to override the general opinion. In the last resort the dissentients may petition the Privy Council; but where the Commissioners have complied with the terms of the Act, and obtained the assent of the requisite section of the governing body, it is scarcely probable that the appeal will be successful. If their hopes of successful encroachment are disappointed, and if the proposed code of statutes is condemned, the bishops and the judges will perhaps discover that nature and destiny never intended them to take part in organic revolutions, large or small. For the present, even Lord STANLEY's activity may possibly find sufficient exercise in the elaboration of his sixth or seventh version of the new Indian constitution. It is a more exciting task to take an Empire to pieces than to pare and clip and level and regulate the statutes and revenues of a College.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

THE intoxication of success is quite as potent in bringing out one kind of truth as the intoxication of wine. The vulgar form of the virtue which consists in accuracy of statements is never less to be expected than when the speaker is elevated by a special consciousness of his own greatness, and inspired by a poetical view of his own achievements. But if you want to know what men and communities really are—to fathom their aspirations, and to gauge their principles—catch them in a moment of exultation, and you have their whole internal constitution revealed with microscopic clearness. Just such an exhibition is made throughout the United States on every 4th of July, and Mr. DALLAS has favoured us with an excellent example of it at our own doors. Perhaps it is because we Englishmen have little taste for publishing the peculiarities of our national disposition that we indulge in very few periodical glorifications. The anniversary of Waterloo was kept during the life of the Duke of WELLINGTON strictly as a private gathering, and there is not a single event in our prolific history which we think it worth while to celebrate by national jubilation. Our political feasts and fasts have had no vitality except when associated with party struggles, and even in this sense they are happily becoming obsolete. A few obstinate Orangemen glorify themselves very absurdly on the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne—Guy Fawkes still amuses children on the 5th of November—but the question-

able memories of Stuart triumphs, and the annual remembrance of the great Revolution, had died out of the minds of men long before it was determined to obliterate them from the pages of the Prayer Book.

Possibly, if the date of our first existence as a nation were as recent and as definite as that of the United States, we might be annually celebrating a 4th of July or a 1st of April by boasting of all we had done or left undone, and describing, to sympathizing auditors, all the greatness which manifest destiny had prepared to dignify our future career. Few will regret that circumstances have denied us so good an occasion for annual jubilation. If we had it, we should certainly not stand a moment's chance of competing with the livelier fancy and more demonstrative self-esteem of our American kindred. Most likely we should spoil the occasion altogether. Our magnates would make portentously dull speeches at Greenwich or Richmond—the *Times* would usher in the day with an article on the inferiority of the British nation—and we should all go to bed sadder, if not wiser, for our dreary holiday. It is only on the spur of some accidental and immediate excitement that English statesmen take to boasting at all. Now and then Lord PALMERSTON used to break out in an after-dinner speech, and no one has forgotten the exceptional and unlucky vaunting that heralded the sailing of Sir C. NAPIER's Baltic fleet. But these are only occasional follies, and even Mr. DISRAELI, largely as he can speak, is content to brag about his party, instead of exaggerating the achievements of his country.

If we are not quite prepared to admit that the Americans can whip the Britishers in everything, it must be frankly confessed that they beat us hollow in the art of self-laudation. The speeches delivered at the London Tavern by Mr. DALLAS and his compatriots, on Monday last, are magnificent specimens of this peculiar branch of oratory, and are especially interesting to us as showing the genuine native American view of the past history and future prospects of the world. The political universe, according to the DALLAS cosmogony, is an agglomeration of States revolving round the great centre at Washington. The idea of liberty first entered into the human mind when THOMAS JEFFERSON framed the Declaration of Independence. All previous history is only valuable as supplying parallels to justify any weaknesses and excesses into which the regenerated nation may be betrayed, and the period since 1776 has been chiefly marked by the struggle of the principles of the American Revolution against the prejudices of the parent State. Until within the last few years, the old wounds, it seems, were still fresh, and the outbreak of English envy and jealousy was only prevented by the forbearance of American citizens, who courteously waived their privilege of celebrating the 4th of July at a London tavern. It is pleasant to hear that all this is now changed, and that Mr. DALLAS feels much more at ease. The principles of the American Revolution have, it appears, gone on conquering and to conquer; and as it is difficult to conquer without an enemy, we must excuse Mr. DALLAS's imaginative picture of English enmity extending down to the very recent period when the London celebration of Independence Day by a select party of American guests was commenced a year or two ago. Mr. DALLAS would have had to wander back to a past generation to find a time when Englishmen really felt any grudge at the success of the American War of Independence, and it is a great pity that the experiment of the yearly dinner was not sooner tried, and that Americans in London should so lately have begun to feel themselves at ease.

Very much at ease, however, Mr. DALLAS was on Monday, and great was his exultation at the triumphs of his compatriots. Who can blame him for being proud of a country that has advanced in every element of material greatness with a persistent energy such as the world never saw before? And yet it is not pleasant to see the mind of a nation wholly swallowed up in admiration of its own perfections, and in worship of nothing higher than success. There is not a trace to be found in Mr. DALLAS's speech of any recognition of national duty, or of any real fidelity to the principles of the Revolution which he affects to honour. The American Declaration of Independence is regarded as the greatest of all events, not because it was inspired by the love of freedom, but because it was the origin of a nation whose raw militia were to beat the best of regulars—whose untrained diplomatists were to hold their own against the drilled cohorts of Europe—a nation which was to clutch at Cuba and Mexico as England had grasped her Indian Empire. It seems strange

that the 4th of July never suggests to an American any idea of the responsibilities that are involved in the enormous power of his country, or any recollection of the principles which the first founders of the United States were so anxious to declare. A defence of filibustering, or a boast that a slaver may sail where he will under the stars and stripes, is thought an appropriate tribute to the principles of Washington and Franklin. Not a word is breathed of the Republican virtues that ought to be the fruit of American liberty. We are not told that American arms are always on the side of honesty and justice, but only that they are always successful. We hear nothing of the unsullied honour of the American flag, but only of its asserted immunity from all restraint. Mr. DALLAS said, in substance, on the 4th of July, what every American seems always to be saying to himself, and tolerably often proclaiming to the world: "We can whip creation, and we don't care in what cause." It would be hard to find, in all the modern records of American eloquence, a single reference to any principle of policy more exalted than the good old rule of the strongest; and Mr. DALLAS's speech on Monday was thoroughly typical of this tone of feeling. A nation that worships power alone, and can exult in the idea that its flag is able to protect pirates and slave-dealers, has much to learn before it can assume its proper place in the councils of the world. The United States will not grow stronger by struggling against the restraints of morality; and, vast as has been their progress in the first era of their existence, it is nothing to what they may anticipate when they win the respect of the world by learning to think more of their responsibilities and less of their strength.

BEES UNQUEENED.

WE do not know how many of our readers may have studied the domestic economy of a bee-hive. In the charming work, however, of the blind observer HUBER, they may learn what happens to the queenless swarm. No sooner is the loss discovered than, with shrill and unwonted notes, the irritable race communicate to each other the disaster of the commonwealth. The ordinary operations of the hive are suspended. No more the working bee "improves the shining hour"—no more the aristocratic drone rambles through the air in noisy and indolent pursuit of pleasure. Everywhere there is perturbation, perplexity, and dismay. What is to be done? In each hive there is but one queen, and she is departed. The sex of the workers is not prolific, and the drones consume the honey without replenishing the brood. Among all the provisions which the inexhaustible fertility of nature has supplied for the accomplishment of her beneficent ends, none is more singular than that by which this emergency is encountered. Sceptics may question whether PROMETHEUS really did make a man; but they may, if they please, see with their own eyes the creation of a Queen Bee. When the flutter of the hive has somewhat subsided, and it is ascertained that the monarch is absolutely and irrecoverably gone, the swarm sets to work to make itself a new queen. No worn-out worker or lazy drone can aspire to the office. There must be a fresh manufacture of royal brood. It is a curious fact, which we commend to the attention of Mr. CARLYLE, that royalty, at least in the apiary, is solely a question of board and lodging. The ordinary grub which, dwelling in its narrow cell, and fed on common bee-bread, would be an undistinguished maker of honey, becomes a real and perfect queen if its chamber be enlarged, and its diet concocted of regal stuff. The bees thoroughly understand the manufacture of heroes. They take a plain plebeian worm, and having placed it in a cell as big as a small hazel nut, cram it with the choicest viands. After no long time the pampered larva emerges a veritable monarch—the anarchy of the hive is at an end—the labours of the honey harvest proceed—in due time the drones, who have served the agreeable but inglorious purpose of their existence, are expelled, and a patriot queen rules over a united swarm.

We have not treated our readers to this entomological disquisition wholly in despair at this dead season of political and fashionable exhaustion. The late CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER could tell us that the fable of the bees has, time out of mind, had a moral. Indeed, there is buzzing about us, as we write, a hum whose shrill discordant note reveals a swarm in difficulties. The "little busy bees" of independent Liberalism are clearly not "improving the shining hour." Listless, and yet unquiet, they no longer "gather honey all the day," but, on the contrary, permit the predatory wasp

and roving rat to consume the stores which they have painfully amassed. The Liberals have just found out that they have no queen in the hive, and they are naturally in very great trouble at the discovery. The phase of anarchy and confusion does not seem to have passed away, and the operation of reconstruction has by no means commenced. The drones of Whiggism regard with sullen ire a régime which threatens to cut off the supplies of official honey; and even the workers seem by no means satisfied how they shall restore order to the hive and fertility to the brood. The shrill note of the *Daily News* gives testimony of unmistakeable distress. We read of "another effort of the independent Parliamentary Liberals" "to organize themselves, with a view to combined action, and" "another failure. Again they have met in committee-rooms, and again they have separated without agreeing on any" "course of combined action." It is true that the somewhat cold consolation is suggested, that "when the patient becomes" "so well aware of his dangerous condition as to look anxiously" "around him for relief, the first step towards a cure has been" "made." But this is really little more than to say that a man is well on the road to good health as soon as his symptoms are so aggravated that he no longer doubts that he is ill. The diagnosis of the disorder is certainly sufficiently clear. "Their attempts to combine on the basis of a programme" "show that they have discovered the hopelessness of following implicitly the lead of a few aristocratic leaders, whose" "only recommendation is a vague and unmeaning profession" "of liberal sentiments." But this is only to affirm that a perpetual thirst is a token of the dropsical habit. We are not brought much nearer to a remedy by the confession which follows—"that the first, second, and third effort at a cure should have failed is in the nature of things." If so, it must be admitted that the "nature of things" is not very reassuring. For the bees without a queen are not much worse off than a party which has no leaders, and cannot agree upon a programme. As to leaders, it is not very obvious what is to be done, for, in this sort of manufacture, the instinct of the hive seems greatly to surpass the sagacity of the Reform Club. Certainly the attempt of last year to feed up an ordinary Whig into a Liberal chief elaborately broke down. Perhaps the grub experimented upon had already reached too advanced an age of pure Whig organization. Perhaps the proper food has not yet been discovered by which the nurslings of Radicalism may be developed into leaders of men. Mr. BRIGHT still dwells obstinately in his narrow and unroyal cell; and the rest of the swarm seem to have souls but little above their daily honey.

So the monarchy of Liberalism is to be put into commission, and its affairs are to be conducted by a sort of *phalanstère* acting on the basis of a "programme." We do not know that we should consider this a very hopeful project even if the "programme" were ever so neatly mapped out into "sea-green formulas." But the *Daily News* is fain to confess the mortifying fact that we are as far from the settlement of the programme as of the leadership. The truth is, that if the present day is not prolific of leaders, the actual state of politics is also very little adapted for programmes. The removal of the grosser abuses by the perpetual progress of reform has diminished, and is daily diminishing, the number of distinctive measures which can be made the definite watchwords of party organization. Already, this year, the emancipation of the Jews has been struck off the Liberal "programme," under the auspices of a Government which calls itself Conservative. It is difficult for sincere politicians to complain of such a result. At present, the loss of power secures to the Liberal party the triumph of their policy, exactly in proportion as the destruction of their own principles is to the Derbyites the essential condition of their official existence. It is impossible that a party should be organized at this moment on the basis of particular measures, for two reasons. First, there are very few, if any, measures in which any sufficient body of the Liberal party could be brought to concur; and secondly, if there were such measures, their value as the basis of a party organization would be destroyed by the inevitable consequence that the Derbyites would immediately adopt them. No very considerable number of Liberals are avowed supporters of the Ballot, and still fewer probably are real believers in the advantages of the project. But it is pretty certain that, if the Ballot urn commanded a really formidable amount of support in the House of Commons, some member of the present Government would undertake "the settlement of the question," with

perhaps some Conservative reserve—such as allowing its application to the election of the House of Commons, but excluding the Scotch Representative Peers from its operation. What is wanting in the existing state of things is not a set of political tests, but something more like concerted action under the general guidance of Liberal principles. There can be no doubt that, quite apart from any particular measures, there is a distinctive point of view from which a Liberal politician will regard the innumerable questions which must arise from day to day in this country. It was not so much a difference of opinion with his followers on any great measure which lost Lord PALMERSTON the confidence of the Liberal party, as the total and absolute want of sympathy, or even comprehension of the principles they profess, which he evinced in the whole conduct of his Administration. We are disposed to agree with the *Daily News*, that a very small number of men acting in intelligent, though not servile concert, upon principles in which they generally agree, might exercise a great weight in the present situation of political affairs. When the equilibrium is so unstable, it requires but little to determine the preponderance in the scale. We are glad to learn that some effort with this view is in contemplation, and that an attempt is about to be made to restore, if not an Empire, at least a Commonwealth to the Liberal party. Such a body, though it may not immediately possess itself of official power, will exercise an influence little less direct over a Government which is prepared to yield everything in order to avert any opposition which it believes to be formidable.

DOCTORS AND QUACKS.

THE languor of Parliament on all subjects connected with Medical Reform is not entirely attributable to the difficulty of reconciling discordant interests. We fear medical men must take for granted that the House of Commons has some little sympathy for the very class which the Reform Bills are intended to drive out of practice. They are, perhaps, astonished at this; and it is quite true, as Mr. DUNCOMBE urged on Tuesday morning, that the public has a still greater interest than the medical profession in having the standards of medical education raised. What is meant, however, by medical education? Everybody is anxious that in one sense it should be improved. All are desirous that the studies which contribute to the more accurate diagnosis of disease should be energetically prosecuted. A man must be a fool who does not wish that his medical attendant should have as much as possible of the knowledge, skill, and powers of observation which constitute the superiority of a BRODIE, a HOLLAND, a CLARK, or a WATSON. But when we come to strictly curative methods and appliances, the feeling is visibly different. It is clear that the public, and presumably the House of Commons, includes a large number of persons who doubt whether it is worth while demanding from students a larger amount of the elaborate toxicology and pharmacology which now make up so great a part of an English practitioner's acquirements. When our best physicians tell us, as they are always doing, that the tendency of modern medical science has been distinctly towards distrust of medicines, it seems unreasonable to add to the stringency of a system of education which, directly or indirectly, teaches the most unqualified reliance on phials and pill-boxes. The great lights of the profession doubtless shake off the prejudices which existing modes of education foster, but the country at large is doctored not by the great lights but by the lesser, and it is the neglect of the more novel systems of hygiene by the ordinary run of medical men which is driving so large a crowd of patients into the arms of practitioners who stand outside the pale of orthodoxy. The great augmentation in the number of people who get cured not according to received rule makes itself felt even in the House of Commons; and there, as everywhere else, we can trace a fear lest these Medical Reform Bills, which only profess to make war on the unlettered quack, should be used to annoy every one who is suspected of disaffection to the creeds and symbols of the drug-dispenser.

It is not necessary to pin one's faith on Hydropathy, or Homœopathy, or to cease to detest ignorant quackery of every kind, in order to see that the phenomena of these irregular modes of treatment are unphilosophically neglected by the English medical profession. The fact that a large and increasing number of people yearly say that they are sick, undergo

certain processes, and then say that they are well again, is surely deserving of the most careful consideration. That they incidentally allege themselves to have been cured by pills of a smaller size than usual, or by a stricter regimen, or by a freer application of water, ought not to call off attention from the really important circumstance, which is their avowal that they have been cured. What evidence would there be that there exists an Art of Healing at all, if patients did not affirm that their sufferings have been palliated or removed? Yet the phenomenon in question, which a layman would at least deem excessively curious, is almost entirely ignored by our practitioners. Almost everybody in private society has of late years had friends who left them sinking under disease to make trial of some of the tabooed systems, and then returned in ruddy health; and yet so strong are known to be the prejudices of medical men that it is thought hardly civil to mention a case of the kind in their presence. In all that voluminous medical literature of the day, which condescends to record every phase of a tumour on an old woman's leg, there will hardly be found an allusion to instances of recovery which the whole world outside the profession is anxious to have disproved or explained. The few notices we happen to have seen are eminently unsatisfactory. Some consist of heavy ridicule or gratuitous vituperation. Others are satisfied to combat the theories put forth by the inventors or practitioners of unorthodox treatment—theories which may be baseless enough, but which have no more to do with the efficacy of the new appliances than have the virtues of quinine with the opinions of the Indians who taught the Spaniards the use of the Peruvian bark. The least disappointing of these criticisms are those which attribute the success of the new systems to certain of their incidental features—as, for instance, to the severe dietetic regimen of the Homœopathist, or the fresh air, exercise, and cleanliness which are imposed on the Hydropathic patient. Yet even here one cannot help seeing that the orthodox critic is merely making assumptions, and that he has never observed the progress of disease under the treatment on which he is commenting.

The English medical profession includes knowledge of the highest and talent of the most various kind, and yet there are some of its characteristics which remind us of the theological controversy in the days before theologians were as meek and peaceable as of course they are at present. The use which is made of the mystic formula "guilty of unprofessional conduct," very vividly recalls the freedom with which theologians were wont to bandy about the imputation of heresy. The line rigidly drawn around the field of controversy! and the subtlety of the disputes waged within the allowed limits, constitute one more feature of resemblance. The acrimony of the debates is yet another. The medical press is the most scurrilous in England, and its personalities reduce to insignificance the gentler venom of religious journalism. There is surely something very wrong in this. The highest grade of practitioners in England retains, in conformity with mediæval usage, a name which signifies an investigator of Nature, and yet our *physicians* appear sometimes disinclined to interrogate Nature without taking security that her responses shall be strictly orthodox. It is not, however, the physicians of whom the public can with greatest reason complain. As usual, it is the democracy of the profession, the body of General Practitioners, which is really and sternly exclusive; and this is one reason among many for declining to place in their hands the key of the door which leads to medical practice. An examination conducted by the College of Physicians, searching and minute in other respects, would probably reflect that caution in the use of medicaments which the most skilful and thoughtful professors of the art have gradually learned from experience. But, if delegates of the General Practitioners are to test the fitness of the student for his diploma or license, it is only too probable that their examination will be much more an inquiry into orthodoxy than an investigation of capacity. We say this without intending the least disrespect to the many able and highly-educated men who are engaged in general practice. It is only an inference from the language of the busy agitators who have attached a factitious importance to the subject of medical education, and, as its corollary, medical registration. They avow that their object is to clear the profession of quacks; and, before we assist them in their undertaking, we should like to know, in common with a large part of the public, what it is they include in their definition of quackery.

DR. M'HALE AT THE PREMIER'S LEVÉE.

THERE is a sign in heaven. St. Jarlath's anticipates the stars in their courses. *Sol in Leone* 14th July, says the almanack; but there is no conjunction of the Lion and the Sun in Ireland—no dog-days blaze and flame in the Irish firmament. All is mild as the moonbeams. The old lion of the tribe of Judah is muzzled in his senescence. Dr. M'HALE has gone over to Lord DERBY, and has published his adhesion in an unctuous manifesto, which it is doubtful whether the writer or the recipient will have most reason to regret. It wanted, perhaps, but this especial recruit to complete the unsatisfactory muster-roll of the champions of the present Government. We are disposed to take Dr. M'HALE at his own representations; but it is with some misgivings. The "Lord Archbishop" has been so long versed in political manœuvres that we are suspicious of his frankness and straightforwardness. He is almost too open not to suggest the notion that he is mining and counter-mining. There must be a motive for his dulness, and such a commonplace letter means much, because it is so very candid. Or has his right hand forgot its cunning, and does the reverend old agitator begin to drowse? It is quite possible that the elaborate and affected patronage of Lord DERBY, on Dr. M'HALE's part, is only an anticipation of the next move of the Tory Government. A sop has been thrown to St. Jarlath's, and St. Jarlath's is proportionately grateful. It is certain, however, that, to preserve the equilibrium, the next measure must be one of coercion, and the Orangemen must have their innings. Can it, then, be that Dr. M'HALE anticipates the next oscillation of the pendulum, and is already preparing for the painful moment when he must renounce an alliance from which, in all the simplicity of his guileless heart, he had at first hoped so much good? Is it that he is already intensifying his coming denunciation by the frankness of his present welcome? A less astute politician than Dr. M'HALE can look at least thus far into the future. One thing he cannot expect—that such a letter as his to Lord DERBY will not compel the present Government to do something very bigoted to throw off the inconvenient and embarrassing adhesion. A weak Ministry is as intolerant of patronage as of opposition. It has as much to dread from untoward allies as from open foes; and, in political as in social life, a man's intimates are often more dangerous to him than his enemies. Lord DERBY must do something to show that he is not Archbishop HALE's pet Minister; and that something must be a tub to the Irish Protestants. On the whole, the M'HALE manifesto will probably do what its writer perhaps foresaw—it will force Lord DERBY into a temporary attitude of hostility, and will supply the *parti pris* with the grievance which they are just now sadly in want of, and which they can only obtain by parading their confidence in the present occupants of Dublin Castle. Even in politics you may be compelled to knock a man down if he boasts of intimacies which he never possessed; and possibly it is Dr. M'HALE's interest to be knocked down.

Be this as it may, the letter cannot but embarrass Lord DERBY. What has he done to deserve the blarney of St. Jarlath's? The pretext for the adhesion of Dr. M'HALE is but slight. Lord DERBY has ordered an increase of Roman Catholic chaplains to the army; but this is not so much the inauguration of a new principle as the consistent following of a precedent, and one which—theoretically, at least—might have its inconveniences. For it would be difficult to say why, in the present state of military religion, the red-coated Baptists and Independents should be deprived of the "ministerial privileges" which are provided at the national expense for Presbyterians. Dr. M'HALE makes much of the small boon. He hails the concession as marking a new epoch for Ireland—he contrasts Lord DERBY's religious zeal and liberality with Lord PANMURE's Gallic-like contempt for these things—and, reckoning up the history of Ireland by eras, he finds in Conservatives that liberality in which Whigs always failed. To Sir ROBERT PEEL the sister country owes Emancipation and Maynooth; while the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill is the sole and insolent claim to a nation's gratitude which Liberalism in office has preferred in the case of Ireland. It is convenient to put it in this way, and it is as convenient to forget as to commemorate. Anyhow, it is certain that Coercion Bills are common to either dynasty; and hitherto the Irish policy of Lord DERBY has only been signalized by an act of Orange ascendancy. When the late CHANCELLOR's decision against Orange magistrates was

reversed by the present Government, the neutral policy was departed from, and certainly not in favour of Dr. M'HALE's co-religionists. Dr. M'HALE's memory is elastic.

The fact is, that in this, as in all other matters, a weak Government must play its highest cards at once. It cannot afford to economize the ordinary resources of popularity. It may be true, in a sense, that Lord DERBY's Government is, as Archbishop M'HALE says, inclined to court Irish Romanism; but it is not upon any principle. Mr. BRIGHT finds similar grounds of confidence. A weak Government must bid high, and bid high for all parties. It is no trifle that will gain either Dr. M'HALE or Mr. HANNA. And yet Lord DERBY must attract both—not by any steady policy, but by contradictory spasmodic proffers to either. Next week we may look for a boon to the Orangemen. However, it is useless to speculate. Those who live from hand to mouth must not be very fastidious in their diet. Ordinary stomachs would turn at adulation from the particular quarter in which it has just been offered to the PREMIER; but the form is stereotyped, and Dr. M'HALE has only to cross the Channel to find precedents for the commonplaces of salutation. Still there is something very curious in the appearance of the veteran agitator at the levée in a court suit, and in all the dull stupidity of a quarter-sessions address. There is hardly a phrase in his missive which rises above the safe mediocrity of a second-rate newspaper article. With some point the right reverend personage canvasses the haughtiness and exclusiveness of the "treacherous Whigs," and he not unadroitly alludes to the Godless Colleges, and sneers at those patriotic members of his own Church who prefer the claims of their country to the dictates of an Ultramontane faction; but, on the whole, unless the letter be, as we have hinted, a profound piece of hypocrisy, it looks like a confession of weakness. What if, thanks to the so-called Exodus, to the working of the Encumbered Estates Act, and to the absolute neutrality observed of late years between rival factions, Dr. M'HALE's occupation and influence are really gone? What if, after all, the missive really only means what it professes? What if we are to construe it neither forward nor backward, but simply as it stands? Its obvious interpretation will then be that Dr. M'HALE has gone over to the existing Downing-street, and that henceforth one of the elements of a Conservative Government is to be a close and cordial alliance with the extreme party of Irish Romanism. It will cost the squires and parsons of England a slight effort of mind to apprehend it; but "an organized hypocrisy" is, from the nature of the case, many-sided. The dream of Mr. DISRAELI's youth and early manhood has many aspects; yet it will take some time and many experiences of many men for the general Tory mind to understand what the new school of Conservatism means. Radical measures and Tory men demand a varied experience of bedfellows. Dr. M'HALE's appearance in the Windsor uniform was to be looked for under present circumstances. One point of the Charter is already conceded—the destruction of the Property Qualification; and the admission of the Jews into Parliament, and the hazy language used about Ballot, are significant indications in the same direction. Dr. M'HALE's letter is suggestive, and the cognate language of the *Tablet* illustrates it. It may suit the necessities of a moribund Ultramontaniam to go over, and it may equally suit the necessities of a moribund Toryism to accept the deserters; and though the cannon-ball politicians may make wry faces, it is the price they pay for official life. It remains to be seen whether they have heart enough to play the old game. They certainly owe the present Government the same measure which Mr. DISRAELI meted to Sir ROBERT PEEL. Is the avenger the coming man in reserve? The hour has come—is retributive justice ready? Is another Lord GEORGE BENTINCK on the point of assuming a political avatar? There is ample work for the hundred arms, and the elephantine trunk, and the hungry tusks to grapple with. M'HALE at the Castle is quite an occasion for the gods to descend among the apostate and backsliding sons of men.

SUICIDE.

A STORY has been going the round of the papers which, if not originally due to the fancy of a penny-a-liner, has something ghastly and terrible in it. A Frenchman, it is said, laid a wager with a companion that he would shoot himself, and the stake was a pot of beer. The circumstances of the bet made it necessary that the winner should enjoy his winnings before he gained the wager. A pot of beer was called for at the expense of his companion—he drank it, went upstairs, put a pistol to his head, and expired in an instant. He gained by this a draught

of French beer and the pleasure of thinking that his companions would be surprised. He lost whatever a man loses who rushes without license into the world beyond the present. This shocking story has had in past times, and still has yearly, many approximate parallels in the history of the civilized world; but it is not often that the conduct of a person who kills himself is so absolutely and nakedly silly. There is generally some tolerably strong motive at work, and some little illusion about the act. But a man who deliberately sells his soul for two-penny worth of bad beer stands a little apart, and may be considered as a rather prominent type of a state of mind which is a common result of all civilization.

Suicides are, generally, of three kinds. There are suicides arising from desperation, suicides arising from highly-wrought feeling, and suicides arising from recklessness of life. As we are speaking only of deliberate suicides, we may exclude all those cases in which self-murderers have sought, by anticipating death, to relieve themselves from excruciating or protracted pain—not because this is morally an excuse for the act, but because it is always so difficult for observers to determine how far the mind and will are really left free and clear under the pressure of an absorbing physical infirmity. Of those who seek a shelter in death because their circumstances are desperate, far more are driven to destruction by crime than by misery. A murder of long standing has lately been revealed, if we may trust the story, by a woman at Dagenham. Six men, one of whom was her husband, joined in beating to death a policeman who caught them in the act of stealing corn. Of these six men, two have, in the interval between the murder and its discovery, put an end to their lives. One hanged himself, and the other took poison. Perhaps this represents more than the usual proportion of suicide to great criminality. But it is easy to understand that men who are deeply stained with crime are sure, in many instances, to terminate their difficulties by death. They are hunted by society and tormented with remorse, until every turn is stopped against them. They lose heart, and come to self-murder with the facility and surety with which their companions come to the gallows. The rope and the poison at home are only a substitute for Jack Ketch abroad. But suicide from misery, where great crime is absent, is, we believe, not very common. The love of life prevails against all the temptations suggested by the degradation of want, and even the pangs of hunger. Sometimes, indeed, remarkable exceptions are brought before the public. There is a dreadful story of two governesses who came to London. They were unable to find employment, ashamed to ask for relief in a manner they thought beneath their station, and so shut themselves up in a wretched lodging, and quietly died of starvation. But instances of such misdirected heroism are rare in the extreme. Dearly as Englishwomen love gentility, there is usually a point of hunger at which they prefer being fed to being genteel. And if we look at the world at large, we find that in nations where the pressure of population on subsistence is keenly felt, the inhabitants use very violent remedies to mitigate the evil, but they generally do so at the expense of others. They exercise an admirable foresight in guarding their parents from being an incumbrance on them in old age, and stifle or smother them out of the way. They also look forward to the future of their children, especially of their daughters, and preserve the babies from a life of struggle and privation by depositing them in a ditch, or exposing them on the hillside. They so far overcome the sentiments of relationship as to commit all the family murders they may think expedient, but they judiciously spare themselves. This love of life, even where life is wretched, is a condition of the continuance of the species; and the experience of China shows that it is the love of life, not the terrors of another world, that preserves mankind.

Suicides from highly-wrought feeling are also very rare—suicides, that is, in which the self-murderer on reflection thinks it better for himself or others that he should retire from a stage where he knows or fully believes that he is not wanted, to a stage where he hopes he may be wanted. This is exactly the old Roman stoical notion of suicide, but in the modern world it rarely occurs out of the pages of fiction. George Sand is especially fond of having recourse to it, and devotes all her powers to making the act seem creditable and desirable. In *Jacques* she contrives a situation where the moral triumph of the suicide is meant to be complete. A husband has a wife much younger than himself, and the young wife finds a lover of her own age. The husband witnesses her happiness, and determines to behave in the handsomest manner. He sees that either he or the lover must die, and settles that the lover ought not to be the man. His wife is to enjoy her love, but then, if he is not to interfere, he cannot be expected to make himself ridiculous by countenancing the transparent subterfuges of the young couple. So he resolves to kill himself, but he has far too much consideration and too much morbid self-devotion to poison his wife's future by the thought that she has driven her husband to self-destruction. And he manages the thing so well, that when he tumbles off a precipice, every one is sure it was an accident. But in real life reflection prevents suicide. Hamlet refrains from solving the mystery of existence by an act against which the Almighty has set his canons. The thought of immortality is so near to the modern world, that reflection, which gives time for this thought to operate, is almost certain to keep man where he is. This point has recently been treated in a work the subject of which is likely to deprive it of the attention which many of its contents deserve. The hero of

Mr. Thurstan's *Passionate Pilgrim* is made the vehicle of a discussion on the position of a man who finds every worldly interest entirely, suddenly, and permanently taken away from him. It is difficult to convey the impression of this in fiction, because it is so improbable that it should exist in fact. Still it is not impossible that a person of acute feeling and meditative turn should, under the weight of a great grief, take a calm and prolonged survey of all that he was and could be, and arrive at the deliberate conclusion that the springs of his mind were broken irreparably, and that passive endurance was the most he could attain. At any rate, Mr. Thurstan has described this state with such minute circumstantiality of detail, and so full an analysis of the mental condition of which he speaks, that he inspires a belief in the credibility of his narrative. The hero comes to the conclusion that he has every requisite for committing suicide, except that he dare not face the dreams that trouble the last sleep. This is, we think, quite true to human nature. As long as the mind retains its balance, as long as the intellect is capable of real reflection, the immense significance of immortality will always overbalance the utmost weight of considerations drawn from the circumstances of the sufferer.

The real stimulant to suicide is not reflection, but that absence of reflection which is engendered and fostered by society—by the constant intercourse, that is, of men and women bound together in some other way than by the ties of family life. The two greatest conquests of man, the two richest fruits of his wisdom, his experience, and his cultivation, are the virtue of women and the respect for human life. It is only by infinite pains they can be established, and it is only by infinite pains they can be preserved. For the society which profits by them in order to gain refinement and stability, threatens them with the very refinement and stability of which they are the most efficacious causes. As men get knit together, as life becomes more complex, as the surface of things is more polished, everything seems safe, and we transfer the security we feel from this world to the next. A sort of half belief steals through the mind that the scheme of divine justice has been arranged more pleasantly than it used to be, and it is hoped that God has withdrawn himself except for the casual purposes of a spasmodic mercy. Under the influence of these feelings, society begins rapidly to decompose. The virtue of women is treated as the dream of boys, and life is valued at a pot of beer.

The novelists of modern France have represented this phase of human action in every possible light, and if they were charged with not drawing from the life, this foolish lad and his wager would justify them. The savages of a Pacific island could scarcely make lighter of chastity and existence than the inhabitants, as painted by the novelists, of the first Continental city of civilized and Christian Europe. And the two things are always connected. The heroine goes through the easy process which scarcely deserves to be called falling, because her lover is going to shoot himself, or has even gone so far as to shoot himself partially. The hero, on the other hand, cocks his pistol at every turn of the intrigue. If the lady is momentarily stern, he has a good cry, and looks to his priming; if she yields, he feels his destiny is accomplished, and begins to trifle with the trigger. Nothing but the nicest art and the extremest finish of Parisian coquetry can keep the poor creature alive till the last chapter, and then, if he kills himself, he may die like a dog, and nobody cares. So pervading are these thoughts, that French novels are apt to be constructed on a pattern monotonously the same. But truth is often stranger than fiction, and art should gather resources from every quarter. What a *coup* it would be if some writer of romance were to take a hint from this newspaper story, and introduce a love-scene of appropriate passion and violence between the pot of beer and the explosion of the pistol!

Suicide from recklessness of life is but the last stage of a descent along which the intercourse of society is apt to hurry all who give themselves up to it. The tendency to feel safe is almost irresistible under the excitement of life in a large city, and with this sense of safety come temptations that appear scarcely possible when the feeling of responsibility is again awakened. If this poor wretch could have had ten minutes alone in a field, he would probably have gathered strength to forego his beer. The sovereign preservative against this influence of society is family life. Its sorrows and its joys alike check the fever of the soul brought on by reckless security. But unfortunately this remedy is not, and cannot be, as universal as it is powerful. There are many persons for whom family life is a practical impossibility. But they have an antidote still left, and this is solitude. They can sometimes be alone, absolutely and consciously alone. This will be the salt of their lives, and solitude will restore them to themselves. If, alas, the salt has lost its savour, wherewith shall it be salted?

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

THE failure of the second attempt to lay the Atlantic Telegraph cable will be felt as a grievous disappointment, not only by those who are interested in the speculation, but by every one who cares for the progress of science and civilization. Still, there is nothing in what has occurred to throw a doubt on the feasibility of the project, or to prevent the directors of the Company from persevering in their great enterprise. There does not appear to have been more than 400 miles wasted in the unsuccessful attempt; and although the Company has thus cast about 40,000l.

worth of its property to the bottom of the ocean, this is not a tenth part of its capital, and it is still in possession of about 2600 miles of cable, which is more than was thought necessary when the attempt of last year was made. The fact of failure ought not to cause dismay, nor, when the novelty of the undertaking is considered, need it occasion very much surprise. We believe that the Company is really in a better position than it was before its first mishap, and that the experience which it has gained by misfortune will prove well worth all the money it has cost. The moral of Bruce's spider applies with curious exactness to this enterprise, and we hope that it will not be given up because the thread has been twice broken. We are not yet furnished with the full details of the accident, but enough is published to make it clear that the difficulties which have caused it are not insurmountable, and we can already form a pretty good guess as to the reason of the failure and the means by which a similar misfortune may be averted on another trial.

The only causes of a fracture that need be taken into consideration are these:—1. Excessive weight of the cable when paid out at a great depth. 2. Tension produced by oceanic currents. 3. Violent fluctuations of strain caused by the pitching of the ship. 4. Hitches in the machinery, arising from defects in the cable itself or want of attention on the part of the persons in charge. From what has at present transpired of the late accident, and from the circumstances of the fracture in 1857, and the results of the preliminary experiments in the present year, it seems almost certain that the first and third of these sources of danger are by far the most formidable. Many nautical men are entirely sceptical as to the existence of currents in the ocean at any considerable depth. Superficial currents are often met with, but any movement of the sea below a few fathoms in depth must be altogether matter of conjecture, and the opinions of the most competent men, founded on general reasoning, are that deep oceanic currents are purely imaginary dangers. It would be of the utmost importance to get rid of this bugbear, because the very means by which it is sought to diminish their possible influence upon the cable inevitably increase the certain danger arising from the weight of the wire itself.

To lessen the effect of a current, the cable must be made to sink rapidly, so that no great length may be exposed to the action of the water at any one time. In other words, the specific gravity of the cable must be considerably in excess of that of water. On the other hand, the only way of effectually relieving the strain caused by the weight of the cable is to make it so buoyant as to sink at a very moderate rate. Of course the strain, whether caused by weight or currents, may always be eased by letting the wire run out at a rate greatly in excess of the ship's speed; but there is a limit to the waste of cable that can be allowed, and a limit which the Atlantic Telegraph Company have pretty nearly reached. The injury resulting from paying-out an excessive quantity of slack is not merely the cost of the cable thrown away. Every mile added to a long cable diminishes its efficiency in a geometric ratio. For example, suppose (what we believe is about the truth) that eight words in a minute could be sent through a line stretched straight across from Ireland to America. If the wire were doubled in length, the number of signals that could be sent in the same time would be reduced in the ratio of four to one. Two words only would travel in a minute, and a cable which cost double the price of a straight one would do only one quarter of the work. In commercial value, therefore, to lose 100 per cent. in slack would be to spend 81. in place of 11. It is of course impossible to lay a cable without any waste, but even in crossing the Atlantic 100 per cent. would be beyond any reasonable estimate. However, the experience of the *Niagara's* first voyage shows that, while the waste was very small at first, in the latter portion of the time even this large per centage was exceeded, 108 miles having been paid out on the last day, while the vessel made a distance of only 53. On the present occasion the *Niagara* appears to have expended 140 miles of cable in traversing 100 miles, the waste being more than 28 per cent. It seems tolerably clear, therefore, that the risks of fracture cannot well be met by letting the cable run out much faster, and that some other means must be employed to prevent an accident in future.

If the undertaking were now to be begun afresh, a cable of less specific gravity would probably be manufactured. Having little available experience to guide them in the choice of a cable to be laid in so great a depth as that of the Atlantic, the Company are not much to be blamed for not having made it a little more buoyant. They seem to have attributed too much importance to the possible dangers from currents, and to have allowed too small a margin for the certain risk occasioned by the weight of the cable itself. Other companies may derive much benefit from the experience which has now been gained; but the Atlantic cable is too costly to be thrown away, and there seems no option but to try again to deposit it, although in doing so it will be necessary to approach nearer than is desirable to the breaking strain. Various schemes have indeed been suggested for lightening the present cable. Floats at intervals were thought of, but rejected as unmanageable. Another plan was to encase the cable in a gutta serena tube, with occasional small apertures, so that the cable might almost float when first paid out, and gradually increase its rate of descent as the tube filled up. This also was justly considered objectionable on account of the increase of bulk—the difficulty, if not impossibility, of passing the

tube over the brakes without destroying it, and the enormous expense, which would certainly amount to more than 100,000*l.* Another suggestion was to coat the cable with coir or other buoyant substance, which would gradually increase in specific gravity as it became saturated; but many of the same objections applied to this scheme also, and we believe that any attempt to reduce the specific gravity of the present cable is altogether hopeless. Being thus obliged to subject the cable to an average strain of rather serious amount, the only way left to diminish the danger in future is to use such appliances as will prevent the average ever being materially exceeded. Although we have spoken of the strain as considerable, the experiments and the failures which have taken place show that, even in the middle of the Atlantic, it need not much exceed a ton, so long as the weather is favourable. Several miles were laid with only a moderate waste, during the May cruise, at an average strain of about 2500 lbs., which is not one-third of the calculated breaking strain. But it is not the average, but the maximum strain which is the measure of danger; and when the sea gets up, the fluctuations rise to 800 or 1000 lbs. at every pitch of the vessel, and in a storm would probably be much greater. It is the last pound that breaks the camel's back, and in all likelihood both the failures of this and of last year might have been prevented if it had been possible to equalize the strain, and keep it at all times within a few pounds of the average which it is necessary to maintain in order to avoid the prodigious loss of slack which would otherwise occur. The only way in which the jerking of the ship has been hitherto compensated is by easing off the brakes and letting the cable run away faster whenever the ship plunges heavily; but this has proved a very inadequate remedy, being dependent on great care and nicety in the manipulator, and even at the best being an intermittent instead of a continuous relief. What is required is some way of giving an elastic play to the cable, so that a roll or a pitch of the ship would not produce a more violent kind of jerk than the jump of a salmon does to a line attached to an elastic rod, or than is felt in a carriage with easy springs. If an angler were to try to play a fish with a rigid rod, merely by letting the line run off from the reel as it was required, his tackle would carry away in an instant, and this is exactly analogous to what has been attempted with the Atlantic cable in paying it out without any compensating apparatus to correspond to the elastic top-joint of the angler's rod. Without discussing in detail the various modes in which it has been proposed to effect this object, it is enough to say that they are all based on the same principle. One of the wheels over which the cable passes in its road from the coil to the sea is made to slide in a groove instead of being fixed. It is kept in its place by a spring or a counterpoise which yields to any increase in the pull, just as a rod yields to the movements of a fish. Before the squadron sailed, there was a good deal of discussion as to the possibility of using a compensator of this kind, and the Company, though they applied the principle on a very small scale for the purpose of measuring the strain, thought it better to sail with an apparatus which was nothing more than a well-constructed break, without elasticity of any kind. Their chief dread was that of increasing casual risks from defects in the cable, which are the more difficult to deal with the greater the number of the wheels over which the cable passes. Another apprehension was, that the compensating apparatus would be so heavy as to defeat its own purpose by the effect of its inertia. This last idea appears now to be entirely a mistake, and one which could only have been made on a very superficial consideration—the fact being that the increase of strain caused by the inertia, even of a clumsy compensator, could not exceed a dozen pounds. In rejecting this principle, as well as in the determination of the specific gravity of the cable, too much weight seems to have been attached to the occasional, and too little to the regular and constant, sources of danger. A fraction more difficulty in coxing a bad splice overboard was not to be put in comparison with the perpetual risk of snapping the cable at every pitch of the ship; and we believe that we are stating the prospects of the Company rightly, when we say that their ultimate success must depend on whether an effective apparatus for compensating the fluctuations of strain to which the cable is exposed can or cannot be constructed. We cannot imagine any real difficulty in making such a machine as is needed. Ample play can easily be given to a moveable sheave, if only a spring of sufficient power and delicacy can be obtained; and though metallic or india-rubber springs, which were at one time thought of, would no doubt be too limited in their action, any amount of elasticity may be got out of a spring the retaining power of which is supplied by steam, or, still better, by atmospheric air.

The necessity for something of the kind is at any rate established, and it is for the Company's engineers now to devise the necessary apparatus as the only chance of retrieving past disasters. The influence of a rolling sea had, in fact, been a good deal underrated. On the first trial, in 1857, the increase in the strain and in the waste of slack was very marked at the time when the first rough weather was reported, and the preliminary experiments this year show some very startling effects of a moderate amount of pitching of the unwieldy *Agamemnon*. It is only in not providing more effectually against this danger that the arrangements of the Company appear to have been at all defective, and we may hope that they will have grown wiser by experience, and will, on another occasion, take precautions against a danger which they had not at first adequately appreciated.

WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE SLAVES?

THE squabble between the United States and ourselves, which is fortunately at an end, may perhaps have been of some service if it should be the occasion of reviving, or rather of exciting, the public interest upon a subject which, though highly curious, and possessed at the present day of special interest, has fallen entirely out of sight. It is just twenty-six years since this country performed an act of national justice which, notwithstanding the amount of praise which has been bestowed upon it, is unquestionably entitled to a very high place upon the scanty list of such acts which history has to show. The nation paid 20,000,000*l.* to be rid of the sin and shame of slave-holding; but since the payment was made, no one seems to have inquired into the results of so enormous an investment, or to have troubled himself to ascertain whether the evils which then existed have been alleviated, and whether the promised benefits have in point of fact accrued to the negroes. The inquiries could hardly fail to produce results of the greatest interest. There have perhaps been few periods at which the perpetual controversy between the advocates of freedom and the advocates of despotism has had more reality or greater practical importance than at present. England on the one hand, and France and Russia on the other, show how either system may ally itself with the results of the highest civilization. It is not want of ingenuity, nor want of wealth, nor want of energy, that can be adequately described as the cause of the difference which distinguishes from each other the constitutions of these remarkable countries. Freedom, and the appreciation of its benefits, have a deeper root than either wealth or knowledge, and, as far as Europe goes, it is a perfectly open question whether it is or is not necessarily connected with national prosperity. No age has ever engaged in such inquiries with greater pretensions to scientific accuracy than our own. We hear of social science, political science, and we know not what other sciences, on every side. It is not a little curious that where such controversies are so rife, and the apparent anxiety to investigate their bearing is so great, the results of one of the few political transactions which really deserve the name of a great political experiment should have been left so completely out of sight? We will attempt to state shortly what the nature of the experiment was, what information respecting its results is wanting, and what the subjects are on which that information, if obtained, might be expected to throw light.

The accusations brought against West Indian slavery fell under three heads. They were moral, political, and economical. The black population of the British West Indies amounted to not much less than 1,000,000 souls. Their grievances were that under the system of compulsory labour they were not only used with great cruelty, and driven to labour purely by terror, but were also debarred from all education—from all religious instruction, and almost entirely from marriage, and the indulgence of the various affections of domestic life. They had no legal rights, political or social; and they were liable, under circumstances which frequently occurred, to be sold like any other property, with no regard whatever to their interests or to their affections. In consequence of these and kindred hardships, it was asserted on the strongest evidence that their numbers were constantly dwindling away, and that the rate of decrease amongst them was so rapid that their entire extinction might be anticipated in the course of a quarter of a century. The political evils of the system, though less important than such scandals as these, were nevertheless matter of the deepest national concern. Insurrections were frequent, penal laws of a most stringent kind were enacted for the purpose of preventing or repressing them, and in war the islands required to be carefully guarded, and were an element rather of weakness than of strength. Political economy was declared to be adverse to the system, as well as humanity and policy. It was said that the mode in which the slaves were maintained and supported was at once extravagant and inefficient, and that, from that and other causes, free labour would be more valuable. The slave population was fed almost entirely upon salt fish and other imported food, which was supplied upon the most ruinous terms by merchants to whom the estates were mortgaged. The peculiarity of this arrangement was, that the planter was dependent on his mortgagee for every kind of store required for his plantation. Clothes, tools, and building materials, as well as the miserable food supplied to the slaves, were all derived from this source. Under these circumstances, West Indian proprietors were at all times in a most precarious position. Their property was sold by their creditors on an average once in seven years, and bankruptcy, insolvency, and every form of commercial and agricultural ruin were almost the rule, instead of being the exception.

Such is a very compressed statement of the tale of wrongs, poured into the ears of our fathers with unremitting zeal and energy for ten years together some thirty years ago. Since the abolition of slavery a little more than a quarter of a century has passed away. Time enough has therefore elapsed to entitle us to ask, what has been the result of so extensive an experiment. The West Indies may not be a very important part of the world, nor may the negroes be a very interesting population, but no other race or country has been the theatre of an experiment of which the results can be estimated with equal precision and with an equal freedom from all disturbing influences. It would therefore be most interesting to know what is, in the present day, the character of the whole rural and domestic economy of the nineteen colonies which

were formerly cultivated by slaves. What is the population of the islands? Is it increasing or diminishing? How is it employed? Are the blacks still supported by imports or do they subsist upon the indigenous productions of the country? Are they employed as labourers, or have they to any extent become proprietors, and, if so, what is the nature and extent of their holdings? How are the manners and the domestic condition of the white inhabitants affected by the change? Do they live in a more rational and satisfactory manner than was usual in old times? How are their circumstances affected in a money point of view? We have heard a great deal about West Indian distress, and few cries were louder when the sugar duties were under discussion. What are the facts of the case? It is currently reported that in the more populous colonies, such as Barbadoes and Antigua, the population has increased, and that in those which are more thinly peopled, such as Jamaica, it has diminished. Is this the case? And, if it be, do statistics show any connexion between density and thinness of population on the one hand, and increase and diminution of production, especially in the great staple articles of sugar and coffee, on the other? In connexion with this part of the matter, particular attention might be advantageously directed to the Mauritius and Guiana. In those colonies the rate of compensation per head was much higher than elsewhere. Slavery was therefore looked upon as being of greater value to the slaveholders in these than in other colonies. Have they, in point of fact, suffered more from its abolition than the rest? If not, it would seem to follow that, even under the most favourable circumstances, slavery was economically inferior to freedom.

It would be hardly less interesting to know something of the moral results of the Emancipation. Our readers will no doubt remember Mr. Carlyle's denunciation in *Fraser's Magazine* some years back, of "black Quashee" and his pumpkins, and the vigorous desire which he expressed that black Quashee, being "little better than a kind of blockhead," should be put under some regulations, not too humane, by which the West Indies might be made to produce the amount of spices and sugar which "the gods" thought desirable. If humour could solve problems irrespectively of fact, Mr. Carlyle would be the greatest philosopher of the day; but this, as yet, is not the case, and we should therefore like, before joining in his denunciations of "black Quashee," to know what really is the position of the blacks and half-castes in the British colonies. A large number of bishoprics and arch-deaconries have been established within the last twenty-five years. What effect have they produced on the population? What are their habits about marriage? What is their condition in respect to education? Have any fair proportion of them risen to any considerable height in the social scale. Do men of colour sit in the local legislatures? Are they found at the bar or on the bench? Are there black clergymen, and of what denominations? Do the two races show any tendency to fuse? A comparative view of West Indian life as it is now, in these respects, and as it was thirty years ago, would be one of the most interesting of all possible contributions to social and political knowledge; and it would enable us, without giving offence to any one, to throw more light upon that which is the most vital of all questions to the United States, than all the preachers and novelists that ever discussed it.

It may be asked how these inquiries are to be made, and who are the proper people to make them? The answer is, that many of the immediate descendants and representatives of the men by whom the abolition of slavery was brought about now occupy prominent public positions, in which they could lend some assistance, or at any rate countenance, to such an undertaking. Lord Brougham's great knowledge and experience might enable him to make most useful suggestions upon such a question. Mr. Macaulay, Mr. Wilberforce, and Earl Grey, have all left sons who sit in the House of Lords. Sir Fowell Buxton is similarly represented in the House of Commons. It would not need a very great effort on the part of those who have so close a hereditary interest in the matter, to supply what would probably be the most striking justification of their own and their fathers' policy.

HARBOURS OF REFUGE.

THE report of the Harbour of Refuge Committee, which was appointed last year, has been now for rather more than a week before the public; and it is intended, we believe, ere the session comes to an end, to move resolutions in the House of Commons with a view to carry out its proposals. Taken as a whole, it must be pronounced an able and satisfactory document, although there are several points in it which will not escape, and which do not deserve to escape, rather severe criticism. The Committee, as reappointed in February of this year, consisted of twenty members. To these Sir James Elphinstone and Admiral Duncombe were afterwards added. These two gentlemen were, we believe, the only naval men who had seats on the Committee, with the single exception of Lord John Hay. The reference was "to inquire into the policy of making further grants of public money for the improvement and extension of harbours of refuge." The Committee has come to the conclusion that it is wise and right to do so, and has recommended the appointment of a Commission to determine at what particular points of the coast such harbours ought to be formed.

The enormous increase of the commerce of the country is

strikingly brought before us by some figures in the second paragraph of the report. Only fifteen years ago the total amount of shipping, British and foreign, which entered into and cleared from our ports, was 9,824,562 tons. Last year it had risen to 23,178,782 tons. In other words, it had increased *one hundred and thirty-six per cent. in fourteen years.* The British tonnage of 1857 was greater by about three and a half million tons than the united British and foreign tonnage which entered into and cleared from our ports in 1843. This increase has not been the result of any sudden impulse given to maritime enterprise. It has been steady and gradual. We may therefore safely assume that it is likely to continue to advance at about the same rate. Every year a greater amount of property and of life will be exposed to risk along our shores. Every year our roadsteads will become more crowded; and, the danger of collision in making, in bad weather, for the comparatively few places of refuge on the exposed parts of the coast, will continually become greater.

Extensive harbours of refuge are, it must be remembered, being now constructed at Dover, Portland, and Holyhead; while a very large portion of the seaboard of Great Britain and Ireland is so well supplied with natural harbours that it is only here and there that it is necessary to supplement by art the defects of nature. The parts of our shores where new or extended harbours of refuge are wanted are—1. The coast of Scotland, between the Orkneys and the Frith of Forth. 2. The coast of England, between the Fern Islands and Flamborough Head. 3. The coast between the Land's End and the southern part of Wales, including the Bristol Channel. 4. Carlingford Bay, the Skerries near Portrush, Waterford, and perhaps Wexford, in Ireland. 5. The Isle of Man. To do everything that needs to be done would require the expenditure of about 2,000,000*l.*, or an annual vote of 200,000*l.* for ten years. The "vigilant guardians of the public purse" will in all probability utter their protests against the grant of so large a sum. To yield to their instances would, however, we think, be no true economy. About four hundred and thirty vessels are totally wrecked off our coasts every year, and nearly six hundred others are more or less injured. Eight hundred and thirty seamen are annually lost in our own seas, and 1,500,000*l.* worth of property, at least, is annually sacrificed in the wrecked or injured vessels. The improvement of existing, and the establishment of new harbours of refuge would undoubtedly save a very large number of human lives; for the loss of life is "generally the result of total wrecks, and it is that class of casualties that would be most avoided by harbours of refuge." With regard to the destruction of property, the Committee observes—"Supposing that the important works now suggested were to prevent a loss only to the extent of 30 per cent., the whole outlay required would be defrayed by less than four years' saving effected by it."

Much space is devoted in the report to the question how far these harbours can be made self-supporting by means of a charge upon shipping. This involves the whole knotty subject of "passing tolls," into which we shall not attempt to enter. Another very important topic is touched upon—namely, the importance of assisting trading harbours, or "local harbours of refuge," by grants of money, to be repaid with interest, on the same principle as the drainage loans which have done so much for the agriculture of the country.

No part of the report appears to have been more warmly discussed by the Committee than the paragraph which relates to the north-east coast of Scotland. Three points between the Pentland Firth and the Isle of May have at various times been proposed as sites for harbours of refuge. These are Wick, Peterhead, and Fraserburgh. The claims of the third have been chiefly sustained by local patriotism; and the real question has all along been, whether a harbour of refuge should be constructed at Wick, at Peterhead, or at both places. The attention of the Admiralty has, however, it would seem, been called of late years almost exclusively to Wick, and few persons in London appear to have had, up to last summer, any idea of the very strong arguments which can be adduced in favour of the rival port. Mr. James Wilson, who selected the Committee, conceived apparently that he did all that could reasonably be expected when he placed upon it Mr. Traill and Lord John Hay, the members for the County of Caithness and the Northern Burghs respectively. The member for the Elgin Burghs could only succeed in obtaining a seat on the Committee during the brief absence of Lord John Hay in the earlier part of this session. True it is, that in the end no great harm has been done. The Committee proposes that a Royal Commission should decide all controversies. Meanwhile, it has determined by eleven voices to six that the majority of evidence taken before it "is in favour of Wick, with reference especially to the fishing trade." If the southern side of the Moray Firth had had, like the northern, two representatives when the draft report was discussed, the numbers would probably have been eleven to eight. Still, when the unfortunate mistake of placing two Caithness members on the Committee was once pointed out, why was it not promptly rectified?

It is needless at present to give any opinion as to the respective claims of Wick and Peterhead. We advise all readers of the report, however, carefully to compare with page 5 the amendment in page 27, before they form a judgment. We have alluded to the rivalry between these two Scotch ports chiefly for two reasons; first, because we are anxious to remind all those who have the delicate task of nominating Select Com-

mittees of the extreme importance of avoiding everything which even the violent and half-informed can call unfairness; and secondly, because we wish to express a hope that if a Commission be appointed to determine at what particular points harbours of refuge shall be formed, the Government will take care that no one shall be placed upon it whose impartiality can be fairly challenged by any of the competing localities.

THE HEALTH OF LONDON.

THE inquisitive mind, if it ever looks up at the dingy palace at the top of the Poultry which houses the Praetor of London, may find an allegory in its stones. The Mansion House reads a lesson to the citizens. The sculptor's eye, like the poet's and the prophet's, foresaw things which were to be in the fulness of time. The Mansion House is ornamented with a portico; and the portico is surmounted with a pediment, and the pediment encloses a classical composition. Not one in a million has ever studied this speaking and symbolic bas-relief. It consists of *Civitas Londinensis* in the centre, after the fashion of all pediments. To her left are an indescribable crowd of people whose purpose we do not profess to have mastered. On her right is Father Thames, very properly turning his back in high sulks on the City, and his urn and swan and water-lilies look characteristically dingy. The City is trampling upon somebody who is as naked as Truth, and who was, we dare say, intended for Envy, Detraction, or Corporate Reform, but who looks just as much like Public Opinion or Common Sense. Surely these things are an allegory. London may read sermons in its own stones. It was foreseen by the classic sculptor of the Mansion House pediment that the time would come when London and her Thames would not be on speaking terms, and when the City would plant its heel on Decency and Duty.

The Quarterly Report of the City medical officer, Dr. Letheby, which was presented on Tuesday, at the Guildhall, is characteristic. Its object is the old civic one—not to deny that the Thames stinks horribly, but to suggest that stinks do not interfere with health. The Doctor says that the City is unusually healthy. Now, first of all, we absolutely deny that the statistics of health in the City, or the ascertained death-rate of London within the walls, amounts to anything. Few, comparatively, of those who breathe the City air live there, and consequently they do not die there. A tradesman or merchant may have outlived the seeds of disease and death in the City, and gone home to the suburbs to sicken and die. His health is undermined in his Cheapside shop or Thames-street warehouse, and he appears in the sickness returns of Hampstead or Streatham. This is one fallacy in any argument derived from the vital statistics of a single confined district. And Dr. Letheby's suggestion that the present state of the Thames is not unhealthy, is disposed of by the fact that, taking the general deaths registered in the whole of London during the last four weeks, those from diarrhoea have amounted to a weekly return of ninety-four, whereas in the corresponding period of previous years they have only been thirty-four. To say that the City is in an exceptionally healthy state, in the teeth of the fact that deaths from diarrhoea throughout the metropolis are nearly tripled, is preposterous.

Nor is the sanitary question of the condition of the Thames to be narrowed to an investigation of the actually poisonous qualities of the river vapour. A great nuisance results from the Thames being an open sewer, or rather cesspool; but this is only half the question. It is the present sewers system, arising from the perfection of the supply of water-closets, which we have to deal with; and the result of the sewers system on the Thames is only a portion of the difficulty. Were all the sewers in London intercepted on the river bank, and carried in an air-tight barrel to the Maelstrom itself, we should still be suffering. Every gulley-hole is an outlet of pestilential miasma; and every mid-street sewer, thanks to our engineering skill, is judiciously fitted with open gratings to diffuse this miasma every three hundred yards. Nor is this all. Every foot of ground is saturated with noxious gases. Whenever a street is broken up, we find the earth viscid and black with gas leakage, and putrid with the decomposition of the surface dung and other filth. Even the surface drainage of the gutters is full of decomposed organic matter. What flows into the sewers is pestilential, and the vapour emitted from the sewers is pestilential. In other words, we are poisoned at our own doors long before we reach the Thames vapours.

Dr. Letheby says that the Thames odour is not pestilential. He says that the sulphuretted hydrogen is fixed by the iron of the clay, and he tells us plainly that Thames vapour contains no sulphuretted hydrogen. A witness examined before the Committee of the House of Commons now sitting, declares that this vapour does contain sulphuretted hydrogen, that he has blackened white paper with it, and that he has burned this vapour, which exhibits every characteristic of the lethal gas. Dr. Letheby argues in this monstrous fashion. Some vapours that are perfectly inodorous are very deadly, as those of the African rivers. The Thames vapour is not inodorous, therefore it is not deadly. As though he were to say, some red-haired men are very bad husbands—Dr. Letheby is not a red-haired man—therefore he is a good husband. A few undergraduates' lessons in logic would do our medical officers a world of good. Of all evils under the sun, except the Thames when

the sun gives 117 degrees of heat, a mass of crude statistics to a person who does not know how to employ them logically is the most pestilential. Dr. Letheby actually infers that stinks are healthy because some poisonous gases have no smell whatever.

Not that we are alarmists. Few things are more calculated to bring on a pestilence than a panic fear about pestilence; and, as has been experienced at Croydon and elsewhere, the tumultuary attempt to deal at once with the accumulated evil of intercepted drainage, often produces worse evils than to let things, for a moment, take their course. There is a conservative influence in keeping even evils quiet for a time; and, perhaps, the thing most to be dreaded is to hand over the metropolis to the experimenting mercies of scientific chemists. We own to a wholesome horror of sewers vapours, but we plead guilty to a superior terror of scientific gentlemen. The great lime trick, if, as was proposed, it is to be applied to the sewers, will only fill them up with good solid plaster; and, if it be true, as we believe it to be, that a stench has its value in the great economy of things, it is by no means certain that after we have deodorized our gases, we shall not have exchanged a stench for an inodorous gas equally or more fatal to health. In a panic such as has been spreading during the last few weeks, when we are daily presented with visions of death and pestilence, fever and plague, walking unseen in every street, and brooding over every hearth, there is no conjecturing what a weak and terrorized Executive may not be driven to. The wildest and largest bidders will command the market, and, in abject fear, we may plunge into worse evils than even the Thames at its blackest and foulest.

MUSIC.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

ALTHOUGH the opera of *Nino* cannot be regarded as one of the most popular works in the modern lyrical repertory, its revival on Tuesday last at her Majesty's Theatre may be deemed a judicious act on the part of the manager. In the character of Abigail, when the same opera was revived last year, Madlle. Spezia first gave the London public an adequate idea of her worth—the nervousness, which had impaired her powers in the earlier part of the season being completely overcome by the energy required for the delineation of the suddenly elevated slave. Prior to her engagement, the part had not made any great impression, but by her impersonation the audience became acquainted with all its tragic import; and now that she again comes before us, she could not assume a more acceptable shape than that of Abigail. Cases where the artist becomes identified with the character represented are rare even in the course of a long professional career, but the Abigail of Madlle. Spezia is one of them. And here we may take occasion to remark on the great resources of Mr. Lumley's company—resources that enable him to give an entirely new aspect to the performances, even when the season approaches its close, and managers of less enterprise would consider that the time had arrived when they might relax their exertions. From the middle of April to the commencement of July, the attention of the public has been divided between the stately Titians and the naïve Piccolomini; and now that the friendly contest is nearly ended, a favourite *prima donna*, hitherto held in reserve, suddenly comes forward, and we have a new series of attractions at once.

The return of Madlle. Spezia to a stage of which we may predict she will become one of the chief ornaments, was hailed with unaffected pleasure, and her air, "Anch'io," was repeated, in compliance with an universal demand. The cast of the opera was different in many respects from that of last year. Beneventano represented the Assyrian monarch, and his manner may be pronounced "right royal." For Charles Braham, who played Idaspe, Mercuriali is now substituted; and the comparatively insignificant part of Fenera is raised to more than usual importance by Madlle. Ghioni.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE name of Flotow, so far as it is known at all in this country, is connected chiefly with the opera of *Stradella*, produced at the Princess's some years ago, and of which a few airs may yet linger in the memories of opera-goers. There were snatches of melody sufficiently novel to catch attention, though not showing any extraordinary inventive power. *Martha*, which has now been produced at the Royal Italian Opera, is a somewhat stronger work, but it shows that the composer's forte lies in construction rather than invention. With the exception of one borrowed air, the melodies of this opera are not peculiarly striking; yet the whole runs glibly and fluently from beginning to end—it is never tiresome, a great quality in second-rate music. As for vocal display of the kind to which we are accustomed in modern Italian operas, there is not the least opening for it in any part of the opera—it is the exact converse of Verdi. The *pièce de résistance* is the well-known Irish air, "The last rose of summer," served up with no seasoning whatsoever, but in its purest native simplicity. Well-known as it is, it comes upon the jaded ears of the *habitués* with all the force of a new sensation. Herr Flotow makes abundant use of his borrowed capital, the air being introduced no less than four times. Of the part which is original, the concerted pieces are the best. There is rather too great a tendency to overlay the vocal parts with instrumentation. On the whole, the opera promises to be as successful here as it has been in Germany and France.

The plot is the same as that of Balfe's Opera, the *Maid of Honour*—a composition much more original than that of Flotow, but which has gone the way of all English operas. Lady Enrichetta, maid of honour to Queen Anne, being troubled with melancholy and the unwelcome attentions of a superannuated admirer, Lord Tristan Mickleford, who unites in himself the dignities of "peer, lord, baronet, and grand equerry," determines to visit in disguise the Statute Fair at Richmond. She takes with her her maid, Nancy, who enjoys the frolic, and the dignified Sir Tristan, whose unwilling attendance she finds means to compel. At the fair the annual hiring of farm servants takes place, and a bargain having been once legally made between servant and master, is valid for a year. Arrived at the fair, Lady Enrichetta and Nancy encounter two handsome young farmers, bearing the distinctive appellations of Lionel and Plumkett, and the former of whom is one of those mysterious dramatic personages who are described as of unknown parentage. The farmers, struck with the appearance of the two disguised ladies, offer to hire them as servants for the year. The ladies having imprudently accepted this offer, and received the earnest money to bind the bargain, find themselves under a lawful obligation to complete the engagement, and are compelled to return home with the two farmers, to the horror of Sir Tristan, whose efforts to effect their escape are perfectly fruitless, public feeling being decidedly opposed to any infraction of the rule of the fair. The farmers, however, find it easier to carry their prizes home than to make any use of them when there. The insensible Plumkett is in favour of harsh measures, but Lionel has been captivated by the eyes of Enrichetta, and is disposed to overlook every kind of disobedience. A vain attempt is made to indoctrinate the refractory pair in the mysteries of the spinning-wheel. Nancy, at length, tired of the work, upsets the wheel, and runs off, followed by Plumkett. This affords to Lionel and Enrichetta an opportunity of explanation, and to the composer of introducing the air which forms the chief attraction of the opera. The *tête-à-tête* is interrupted by the return of Nancy and Plumkett; and the two farmers, entirely baffled in their attempts to make anything of their prize, retire to rest. Sir Tristan now reappears, and contrives to carry off the two ladies. In the next act we have a hunting scene, in which the Queen and the ladies of her court appear. The two farmers, who had set out in pursuit of the fugitives, fall in with the hunting party, and recognise their servants among the huntresses. Their claims are of course treated with nothing but ridicule; but Lionel, who is madly in love with Enrichetta, bethinks himself of a certain ring which had been bequeathed to him by his unknown father, together with a direction to present it to the Queen in case he should ever be in danger or difficulty. Plumkett presents the ring, which upon the approved principles of dramatic evidence, at once shows that Lionel's father was no other than the Earl of Derby, and that he himself is the lawful holder of that title. Lady Enrichetta's views are materially changed by this alteration in affairs, and Lionel having in the meantime gone quite mad, she has the task of restoring him to reason, which she does through the fashionable medium of a fancy fair, to which Lionel is brought, and where she once more appears in her masquerading attire. The operation is attended with the best success; Lionel recovers, and finds Enrichetta ready to make an engagement more lasting than the first, and the faithful Plumkett and Nancy having also made a match of it, everything ends to the satisfaction of all parties.

Madame Bosio, as Enrichetta, sang charmingly. She gave the air "Qui sola vergin rosa" without any attempt to impart to it any other charm than that which is due to the melody itself and the natural beauty of her own voice. The effect is irresistible—it is the triumph of nature over art. In the song "M'appari tutt' amor," Signor Mario, as Lionel, sang with admirable emphasis, passion, and richness of voice. The air itself is not very striking, but Mario's singing makes it one of the most impressive pieces in the opera. Next to this, we must rank the "Spinning-wheel" quartet, in which Plumkett (Signor Graziani), and Nancy (Madlle. Nantier Didiée), join with Lionel and Enrichetta. The lively whirr of the accompaniment, suggested by the hum of the spinning-wheel, makes this a very effective piece. It was sung and played with great spirit.

The scene of the fair is put upon the stage in a very picturesque manner, and the choral parts were well sustained. The chorus of servants is Herr Flotow's most characteristic bit of original melody. Here and there he has introduced phrases which remind us of old-fashioned English airs, and sometimes a fragment of Scotch melody occurs. A most delightful incongruity prevails throughout. The date of the story is said to be of the time of Queen Anne; but the costumes, so far as they belong to any epoch, appear to be principally mediæval. We should like to know the extraction of Plumkett, whose pedigree must be more obscure than that of Lionel. The names of some of the damsels who come to the fair are equally puzzling as specimens of English nomenclature. Madlle. Nantier Didiée deserves praise for her excellent performance of Nancy. Signor Graziani has too much *vis inertia* for the stage representative even of a thick-headed John Bull. The perpetual teasing of Nancy did not seem to rouse him much. His fine rich voice, however, atones for other shortcomings. Signor Tagliafico's Sir Tristan and Herr Zelger's "Scheriffo" were as remote from any conceivable realities as possible; and they served to complete the motley incongruity.

REVIEWS.

LA TRIBUNE MODERNE.*

M. VILLEMMAIN is offering a worthy contribution to that noble apology for freedom on which the collective intellect of France seems to be systematically employed. The historical portion of the controversy is at the same time the most important, and the safest from the interference of official hostility. The second Empire has not yet ventured to display that undisguised reliance on force which Napoleon expressed when Chateaubriand had praised Sertorius for contending alone against the power of Sylla: "Does he think," said the Emperor to M. de Fontanes, "that I am a fool, and that I do not understand him? I will have him cut down (*je le ferai sabrer*) on the steps of my palace." His successor still keeps some terms with modern civilization, and it is fortunately possible to record the lives of constitutional statesmen whose acts and opinions bear on the questions of the present time more directly than the struggles of Sertorius. M. Guizot's *Recollections of his own Life*, and M. Villemain's *Modern Parliamentary Tribune*, will furnish the best answer to the civil and military satellites who, in official harangues, perpetually insult the memory of the institutions which are for the time forcibly repressed. No Frenchman can fail to contrast the varied activity of the Restoration with the monotonous supremacy of an armed police. When statesmen and orators contended for power, and succeeded each other in office, there was much error and irregularity in the working of the machinery which they superintended, but the most imperfect clock which was ever constructed is better than a mere dial-plate with idle hands passively moved round by external pressure. A system in which there is no room for intellectual superiority must be ill-suited to the nation which, of all others, attaches the highest value to literary eminence.

Chateaubriand had many of the qualities of a political leader, but it was by his brilliant success as an author that he rose from the condition of an obscure provincial cadet to the peerage, to the head of a party, and to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. His countrymen are best qualified to appreciate the merits of writings which belong for the most part to a branch of literature little cultivated in England. The general poverty of French versification has given rise to a florid and ornamented prose which native critics not unfrequently designate by the title which ought to be exclusively reserved for metrical composition. There is the same difference between imaginative declamation and poetry as between a crowd and a regiment; but the enthusiasm which was inspired by Rousseau, by St. Pierre, and by Chateaubriand himself, only belongs to the productions of genius. The candid critic who can find in *The Martyrs* only a mawkish religious novel will acknowledge that he must have unconsciously passed over the romantic beauties which roused the admiration of the youthful Guizot. The stern logician may think that a convert reclaimed by the *Genius of Christianity* could be no other than the well-known lay figure of a weak-minded infidel whom preachers habitually employ to support imbecile sophistries which are to be afterwards triumphantly demolished. Yet at the beginning of the nineteenth century, it was almost a new discovery in France that Christianity was not degrading and silly as well as false. The disciples of Voltaire had followed up the more formidable assaults of their master with many missiles which might have been drawn from the armoury of the conventional pulpit sceptic. During the Revolution, the noisiest bigots appropriated to religion the title of prejudice; and even in the present day, Lamartine and other writers of semi-orthodox pretensions copy from their predecessors the use of the words "philosophy" and "unbelief" as equivalent terms. In the height of the Anti-Jacobin reaction, a large portion of French society wished only to be furnished with plausible answers to irrelevant objections, and to be satisfied that Christianity was compatible with civilization, with literature, and with art. Chateaubriand's work, published at the opening of the Consulate, immediately after the official restoration of public worship, met the general wish for a theory which might explain and rationalize a popular feeling half ashamed to avow itself. The ways of God seemed once more justified to man by the new and brilliant writer who showed that the Sacraments of the Church would have been touching ceremonies if they had not been divine institutions, and that it was natural and becoming to celebrate with sacred formalities the epochs of birth, of adolescence, of marriage, and of death. Of the deeper mysteries of religion, Chateaubriand, in common with all apologists of his class, adopted the view which is put forward for an opposite purpose by the school of Strauss; but a popular audience generally accepts an argument as leading to the conclusion which it was intended to support. The *Genius of Christianity* was addressed, not to German critics and metaphysicians, but to Frenchmen and Frenchwomen, who were eager to recognise in the bugbear of their youth an image beautiful to the imagination, and not repugnant to reason. There is a chapter on the absence of descriptive poetry among the ancients, which illustrates, by its seeming remoteness from the subject, the purpose of the book as well as its astonishing success. It would indeed have been strange if modern civilization had developed no new element of literary art, nor is it

possible to ascertain the relation of modern European creeds to the sentiment which has connected itself with external nature; but the shallower sceptics of the eighteenth century had, like ignorant Puritanic teachers, ensured the early overthrow of their own influence by the use of arguments which admitted of an easy confutation. The barren and withering dogma of religion was suddenly shown to be fertile, or at least to be compatible with intellectual fertility; and a great historical orator, abounding in that most effective erudition which is not too far above the range of his audience, enumerated with triumphant effect the long list of poets, of artists, and of divines, who had illustrated the Christian centuries before Voltaire commenced his reign. It may be true that the great Pagan writers of antiquity still hold the balance in equilibrium; but in refuting the negative proposition of his opponents, Chateaubriand had no reason to fear an argumentative reply. The rhetoric which persuades is far more effective than the logic which convinces, and in the particular instance the roll of witnesses produced an impression which could not have been strengthened by a minute examination of their testimony. It might perhaps have been expected that additional arguments for Christianity would have been deduced from the great physical and mathematical discoveries of modern times; but D'Alembert, Condorcet, and La Place belonged to the Encyclopædic school of opinion, and Chateaubriand may perhaps have felt that science is unconnected with religion by any tie of sentiment. Accordingly he treats the whole department of thought with a calculated indifference, as interesting only to second-rate minds. There is both national and individual character in a whimsical suggestion that science is dependent on literature, because the memory of Archimedes is preserved by Polybius, while the popular reputation of Newton in France originated in the eulogies of Voltaire. The confusion between knowledge and reputation, the avowed preference of the shadow to the substance, the inquiry, not whether the courses of the stars are known, but whether the astronomer is duly applauded—all these French peculiarities probably aided the effect of the book which made Christianity fashionable in France.

No successful writer ever more thoroughly valued and enjoyed his popularity, and Chateaubriand could the better appreciate the advantages of his position from his recent experience of obscurity and want. He had served without sympathy or enthusiasm in the ranks of the unfortunate emigrant army, and he had wandered through the streets of London in actual want of food. When he returned to France in 1800, with his manuscript ready for publication, he had only a few months to wait before he found himself the idol of the clergy and of the aristocracy, the acknowledged chief of contemporary literature, and the favourite of some members of the rising Consular dynasty. His subsequent appointment as Secretary of Embassy at Rome, followed by his nomination as Minister to the Pays de Vaud, seemed to open the prospect of a successful diplomatic career; but his rare courage in resigning on the execution of the Duke of Enghien put an end to the hope of official promotion. Even literary activity was dangerous and uncertain under the arbitrary rule of a master who hated free thought only less than independent action. The *Mercury*, of which Chateaubriand had become proprietor, was suppressed by authority; and on the publication of the *Martyrs*, the journals were instructed to ridicule the work of an author who was justly supposed to be discontented with the Empire. At a later period, Napoleon made a pressing effort to rally Chateaubriand to his cause by reproving a committee of the Academy, which in adjudging a prize for the best modern composition, had naturally supposed that any favourable notice of the *Genius of Christianity* would be disagreeable to the supreme censor. The effect of despotism on literature is illustrated by M. Villemain's amusing account of the puzzled sycophancy with which the official critics attempted to divine the imperial will. The Minister of the Interior, after formally ordering the committee to make a report on the work which had been passed over in silence, overruled the excuse that the *Genius of Christianity* was not, properly speaking, either literature or philosophy. Courtiers, however, are well aware that hasty assentation is sometimes as dangerous as open opposition. The sudden favour shown to Chateaubriand might be a mere test of literary loyalty; and Count Regnaud, as the reporter of the committee, well knew that a writer who had abstained from flattering the Empire might always be safely criticised for doctrinal errors if not for intellectual defects. The author, according to the Report, had complimented Pius VII., but had nowhere spoken "of the benevolence and kindness of the monarch who has restored him to his country, *et lui a permis la célébrité en attendant qu'il obtint la gloire*." As M. Villemain observes, servility had made progress between the age of the Cæsars and that of Napoleon. The desire of military glory was thought dangerous to Agricola; but under the French Empire even literary renown required the passport of the prince. The writer was accused of a similar impropriety because he had contrasted the feast of the Holy Sacrament at Lyons with the murderous anarchy of ten years before, "without soothing the bitterness of cruel memories by any grateful reference to the regenerating power which had raised up the altars, and permitted the sacred standard of religion to move surrounded by respect in the midst of the triumphant French eagles, doing homage for victory to the God of armies."

Vicit digna viro sententia.

The Academy thought it prudent to be more Imperialist than

* *La Tribune Moderne*. 1 Partie.—Chateaubriand. Par M. Villemain.

the Emperor, and, with much complimentary rigmarole, they persisted in withholding the disputed prize; but, as a compromise, they elected Chateaubriand to a vacant seat in their own body. Napoleon confirmed the nomination, and even talked of creating a dignified post for the new Academician; but it was in the first instance necessary to deliver an inaugural address, and to submit it to the preliminary judgment of the Emperor himself. An assertion that literary power was connected with character as well as with intellect, was naturally erased as heretical; some attacks on the Revolution were blamed as impolitic; all allusions to liberty were rejected as indecorous; and, finally, there remained only a concluding eulogium and an appeal to the clemency of the conqueror. A committee of the Academy simultaneously disapproved of a speech which, according to one of the members of the body, would have called forth the loudest tumult of applause ever heard in a public assembly; and the formal reception of the obnoxious orator was accordingly indefinitely postponed. M. Villemain records an amusing episode which took place during an audience accorded to Daru, while the draft of the speech was under consideration. The Emperor, speaking loudly and angrily, apostrophized the absent author in a tone of menace and indignation:—"If you don't like France, sir, you may leave it. Go, sir; we don't understand each other; and I am master here." The Minister waited to take his leave till the storm was over; but when he returned to the antechamber, he found that his courtly friends stood aloof, or seemed to have forgotten his existence. At last some courageous bystander ventured to hint that the sentence of banishment had been overheard, and it was unnecessary to explain that friendship could maintain no contest against loyalty. Daru, bursting into a laugh, reported the true meaning of the scene; and probably the assembled courtiers joined in the merriment without a suspicion of their abject degradation, or a feeling of resentment against their contemptuous master. There was no further attempt to attach Chateaubriand to the service of the Imperial dynasty, and the events were already preparing which were to open a nobler career to the intellect and patriotism of Frenchmen. The political biography which forms the principal subject of M. Villemain's admirable work will be most conveniently treated in a subsequent notice.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE ARUNDEL SOCIETY FOR 1856.*

THE Council of the Arundel Society have more than redeemed their last year's undertaking. The publications offered to their subscribers for 1856, of which copies are now before us, are most abundant first-fruits of the new energy imparted to the operations of the Society by the zeal and activity of Mr. Layard. Two woodcuts from the series of Giotto's frescoes in the Arena Chapel at Padua; two large and most elaborate chromo-lithographs—one from Mrs. Higford Burr's drawing of the interior of the same chapel, the other from Signor Mariannecci's copy of Pietro Perugino's fresco of St. Sebastian at Panicale—with five facsimiles of Mr. Layard's tracings of the upper parts of the principal figures in the same composition—such is the more than equivalent for his guinea given by the Council of the Society to each of its subscribers. We can scarcely conceive it possible that even the large increase in the subscription list—mainly due to the meeting of last year, of which we gave an account in our number for June 6th, 1857—will enable the Society to reimburse its actual outlay on the present publication. We presume that the Council are venturing, as the homely proverb goes, "a sprat to catch a herring." But, however this may be, it is earnestly to be hoped that the success of the publication just issued will enable the Society to do more than it has yet accomplished for the preservation of the perishing remains of the noblest works of Italian painting, no less than for the dissemination in England of sound knowledge and cultivated taste in the matter of early art.

We gave an account, in the article already referred to, of the meeting at which Mr. Layard described the nature and result of his labours in Northern and Central Italy in the autumns of 1855 and 1856. During this time he occupied himself in seeking out and tracing the great works in fresco through which the art of Italy manifested its singular productiveness in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries—founding an academy of the true kind in every little town that studs the Umbrian or Sabine hills, and making a picture gallery, or rather one great picture, of every communal hall, church, and chapel. From Florence to Rieti—round the blue lake of Trasimene—on the ridges crowned by citadel or convent in Borgo san Sepolcro, Arezzo, Gubbio, Cagli, and Assisi—everywhere Mr. Layard found perishing frescoes. There they were, on the walls of desecrated cloisters, blackened with the smoke of Austrian watchfires, and dinted by the hoofs of troop-horses—in palaces, hidden behind the preases of a district tax-collector, or the rubbish of a pawnbroker's store-room—in churches, concealed by tawdry hangings and unsightly woodwork, dimmed with the flare of tapers or green with damp, and rotting slowly from the rain-sodden walls. Everywhere treasures of thought and beauty—nowhere so much care as would patch a roof or glaze a window, or put up a glass or a rail, to save them from destruction.

The man who had raised the slabs and cylinders of Nineveh from the rubbish-heaps of Mesopotamia could not but put out his hand to save what he might of the frescoes of central

Italy. Unable to detach them from the walls, or even to retard their progress to ruin, he could at least trace them—get them copied here and there, as his means served, and capable artists could be found—and, better still, on his return to England, appeal to the lovers and students of art, through the Arundel Society, to use their best efforts to do, by collective resources, what singlehanded he could not hope to effect. But even the Arundel Society can only accomplish this work by a large extension of its means; and it is in the desire to give increased publicity to the aims and operations of the Society, and so to aid in that extension, that we now call attention to their publication for 1856.

There are two points especially to be kept in view in judging this publication in connexion with those which have preceded it. For the first time, colour has now been brought into use by the Council; and, for the first time also, a general view has been given of a complete work of fourteenth-century art, of which the parts have already been, in a great measure, placed before the members of the Society. Both these innovations are, it seems to us, essential to the great object of the Society, which, as Mr. Ruskin pointed out to the meeting last year, is not to furnish models to our students, but to impart to all its members a knowledge of the spirit of early art, of the mode of its working, and of the part it played in relation to the social, political, and religious life of the time.

Painting in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries was at once a means of noble decoration and a manner of conveying information, thoughts, and ideas, not then, as now, to be got at through literature. Pictures were the books of the unlearned, and the unlearned were five-sixths of the people. The decorative purpose of pictures was effected mainly through colour. Hence it is that, apart from colour, we cannot estimate those early works aright as decoration; and apart from their sequence and connexion in town-hall or chapel, we cannot read them book-fashion, or in any way comprehend the reality of their significance. Mrs. Higford Burr, who was the companion of Mr. Layard in his journeys, is one of the most minute, faithful, and painstaking of copyists. While he was tracing the parts of a fresco, she occupied herself in copying the complete picture, or often in making a drawing of the whole building, with its series of frescoes. Of one such drawing—of Giotto's chapel at Padua—Mr. Brooks's chromo-lithograph this year gives us a facsimile. Both artist and chromo-lithographer have done their work admirably. Mrs. Burr has given us not merely the general effect of the chapel, but the whole series of frescoes on the north side and east end of the building; and this she has done, not in a slight or slovenly fashion, but with such attention to the colour, composition, and perspective, that we may gain from her drawing a conception of Giotto's work more complete than we could have conceived possible on the scale employed. Thus the drawing serves as a key to the series of woodcuts (by the Brothers Dalziel) from the careful copies which Mr. Oliver Williams has been commissioned by the Arundel Society to execute at Padua. Twenty-eight woodcuts of these copies have already been published by this Society, and ten remain for publication by instalments. Praise cannot well be too high for Mr. Vincent Brooks. The execution of this chromo-lithograph has employed nineteen stones, and the utmost accuracy has been required in the superposition—or, as it is technically called, registering—of the successive impressions. Giotto executed not merely the frescoes, but the whole mural and roof-decoration of the chapel. Bands of intricate and delicate ornamentation surround and unite the frescoes, and the pattern and colour of these bands are carefully reproduced in the chromo-lithograph.

By study of the wood-engravings, we may arrive at a knowledge of Giotto's vivid conception of his subjects. We may read, chapter by chapter, his picture-book of the birth, marriage, miraculous conception, and assumption of the Virgin Mother, and of the miracles, passion, resurrection, and judgment of her Divine Son. But only by help of Mrs. Burr's drawing can we take in at a glance the relation of the several parts of this history, and appreciate the whole of glowing yet harmonious and delicate colour into which the patient and cheerful painter has wrought his labour of love—first designing the building, and then covering it from roof to floor with the marvellous work of his brain and hand—not disdaining the humblest, and not falling below the highest portion of his toil, from the imitation of marble which forms its *dado*, to the troops of angels who sing Hosannas to the risen Saviour, over the eastern arch. The work thus produced by the Arundel Society is the best attainable record of Giotto's performance—so interesting in its relation to later Italian art, and still more from the fact that Dante counselled and watched over the painter in its progress. Mrs. Burr has very properly introduced into her drawing the grave figure of the great Florentine, with Giotto at work, in company with his wife and children.

The other print of the year is the fine fresco of the martyrdom of St. Sebastian by Perugino, at Panicale, a small town on one of the wooded hills rising above the lake of Perugia. A brief but instructive notice of the place and the picture, by Mr. Layard, accompanies these publications. Signor Mariannecci has made a faithful drawing from the fresco; and Mr. Brooks has produced an excellent coloured facsimile of it, free from that coarseness which chromo-lithographic prints are so apt to show, and giving as accurate a notion of the colour of Perugino as of his

* The Arundel Society's Publications.

forms. The latter may be tested by help of the large facsimiles of five of the principal heads engraved by Signor Bartocini, from the tracings of Mr. Layard. The fresco itself belongs to the period of the painter's consummate power—1505, and was painted after he had executed his greatest works in Perugia and his native town of Citta della Pieve.

The Society intend actively to follow up the work of preserving records of perishing Italian frescoes, on which they may be said to enter with the publication we have been noticing. Their Report (of May, 1858) briefly describes what they contemplate, and records, moreover, an act of intelligent liberality on the part of one of their members, to which the utmost publicity should be given, in the hope that it may lead others to "go and do likewise":—

In the course of last summer Signor Mariannucci, the artist who made the drawing from which the chromo-lithograph of Saint Sebastian has recently been printed, was employed to copy, on the same scale and in a similar style, two frescoes by Pinturicchio in the Church of S. Maria Maggiore at Spello. Both the copies, having been executed in a manner highly satisfactory to the Council, were placed, about five months since, in the hands of Mr. Vincent Brooks, to produce facsimiles by chromo-lithography. One of these, representing our Lord disputing with the Doctors, is already far advanced towards completion, and is intended to form, with other works which cannot yet be positively announced, part of the issue for 1857. The other, of which the subject is the Nativity, is likewise in progress, and will probably be included in the publications assigned to 1858. Commissions have now been given to Signor Mariannucci to copy in the same manner both the remaining fresco by Pinturicchio in the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, representing the Annunciation, and the fresco at Cagli, by Giovanni Sanzio, the father of Raffaele, representing the Madonna and Saints, with the Resurrection of Our Lord.

During the last year the Council also caused to be made a water-colour drawing by Signor Bignoli from the very beautiful fresco of the Burial of Saint Catherine, by Bernardino Luini, now in the Brera Gallery at Milan. This drawing, with the aid of a tracing from the original made by Mr. Layard, and some additional tracings and a photograph kindly lent by Mr. Buxall, will, it is hoped, supply materials for a chromo-lithograph, as soon as the Society is in a position to undertake another work of this character.

But whilst these resources for future use are being procured out of the funds of the Society, the Council have the pleasure to announce the prospect of a more extensive addition to their store, which is due to the liberality of one of their Members. A commission has been given by Sir Francis Scott to Signor Consani, a Roman artist, for water-colour drawings from the entire series of frescoes by Pinturicchio in the Library of the Cathedral of Siena, illustrating, in ten magnificent compositions, the Life of Pope Pius II. These drawings, which are to correspond in dimensions and style with those of Signor Mariannucci, will be lent by Sir Francis Scott to the Society, to be published in whatever form, and at whatever time, it means may admit.

It is earnestly to be hoped, in the interest of art-education, that the numbers of the Society will receive a large addition, no less from what they have done than from what they promise. It is only by teaching what art effected in those palmy days when the distinction between painter, sculptor, and architect was unknown—when the *bottega* (the shop) was the scene of the labours of artist and handicraftsman alike—that we can hope for wide and permanent effects from the efforts of the Society. If modern art be hopelessly condemned to the task of satisfying vanity, or to mere wall-ornamentation and eye-pleasing—if the bond that once united all its great strands into one triple cord be utterly severed, never to be twisted again—it is at least a consolation to contemplate the work of times when the mission of art was nobler, and the interdependence of its branches visible alike in the grand harmony and amazing variety of its manifestations. But before we acquiesce in the gloomy conclusion that modern art is thus doomed, let us at least do all that lies in our power to furnish the means of worthy instruction, no less to the artist than to those who have to judge and patronize him. The artist is but one expression of his time. We may, as a general rule, measure his height of achievement or his depth of degradation by the standard of the employer's faculty of appreciation. When noble works can be appreciated, we are not prepared to admit that they will fail to appear, even in these material and money-seeking days. One help towards such appreciation is afforded by the labours of the Arundel Society. We wish it good speed, and we earnestly hope that its magnificent publication for 1856 will lead to as great an increase in its subscription-list as followed the lecture of Mr. Layard in June of last year.

One suggestion in conclusion. The size of the coloured prints just issued is such that we have not been able ourselves to find storage for them, and we know many who have been equally puzzled. Let the Society by all means choose that scale which is essential to satisfactory work, but let them eschew every inch of superfluous border. Large mounts not only render necessary costly portfolios, but seriously increase the expense of production. The ends of the Society are so praiseworthy, and the work before it so heavy, that we cannot willingly allow it the expenditure of one penny in the vanity of elephant paper.

CLARK'S PELOPONNESUS.*

IT takes a great deal to make a good traveller in Greece. He must know Greek and the Greek literature thoroughly. He must be familiar with that mass of uninteresting history which records the sway over Greece of the Romans, the Byzantines, the Franks, the Venetians, the Turks, and the emancipated Greeks. He must have eyes in his head, and common sense, or he will be

at the mercy of former travellers; he must have a smattering of physical science; he must be good-tempered, active, industrious, and hopeful. Mr. Clark in a great degree unites these requisites, and his book has indeed suggested the list. No work on the Peloponnesus can be exactly entertaining, because it must necessarily contain the verification or contradiction of standing antiquarian theories, and even a classical reader has to get warmed into the work before he can persuade himself to care very profoundly whether a hill he never saw is the site of a battle he has forgotten. But Mr. Clark cheers the way, principally because he trusts to himself. We may not feel much choice as to the result of these topographical disquisitions, but there is always a certain pleasure in accompanying on paper, as on the real field, a man who resolutely refuses to believe black is white, or grey, because an accomplished scholar or a positive handbook-maker has decreed it to be so. It is the greatest charm, and certainly it is one of the greatest merits, of Mr. Clark's book, that it records the impressions and observations of a person who saw with his own eyes.

As an instance, we may refer to a dissertation on a certain bridge at Xerokanepo near Sparta, which awoke a strange enthusiasm in Colonel Mure. He treated it as a discovery of first-rate importance. No entire ancient bridge of any kind, still less an arched bridge, of a genuine Hellenic period, had hitherto been known to exist within the limits of Greece; and even the ability of Greek masons to throw an arch had been very generally questioned. Here he saw an arched bridge of considerable size and finished structure, and in a style of masonry which guarantees it a work of the remotest antiquity. Mr. Clark saw something very different, and pronounces the bridge to be the work of Roman soldiers. He examined the span of the bridge and found it less—he measured the stones and found them a great deal less—than Colonel Mure, in the glow of a discovery, had represented. He remarked that the stones of the arch had a concave and a convex side, and that they were therefore originally made for the bridge and not taken from neighbouring ruins; and he further remarked that they were carefully shaped, and that the superincumbent stones were roughly hewn. This was not like the work of a very early age; for the persons who had advanced to the higher point of skill might easily fill up their construction hastily, but those who were accustomed to work roughly would not be very likely to anticipate the science of later times. Whether Mr. Clark is right or not we cannot venture to pronounce. Colonel Mure may have a reply ready; but no one who reads these pages of Mr. Clark's book can doubt that he arrived at an independent judgment in the right sort of way, by using his own sense and his own eyes on the spot.

Mr. Clark goes to work in the same way when he has to write about Homer and the Homeric topography. At Kalamata, for instance (the Homeric Phere), he examined into the possibility of the feat which Homer represents Telemachus as accomplishing without difficulty—the driving from Phere to Sparta in a day. He must have gone over Taygetus, and a road over Taygetus might challenge comparison with that over the Simplon. But there is not only no evidence to show that such a road existed, but there is abundant evidence to show that it did not. In the first place, the top of the pass between Kalamata and Sparta is about 5000 feet above the sea; and in the next place, the only practicable road is a narrow horse-path on the edge of a precipice. Mr. Clark follows this up by a more general discussion on the degree of accuracy which can reasonably be expected in the Homeric poems. The epithets attached to places are so descriptive and appropriate, that we may be sure they could only originate in a personal and intimate familiarity with the towns and districts that they depict. But the geography, the relative positions of these towns, is hopelessly wrong. Mr. Clark very properly inveighs against the system of keeping up what is called the credit of the poet—of taking all the instances where Homer's geography is right, and glorifying the poet for his accuracy, and then glossing over his insoluble errors by impossible solutions. But what, then, is the key to this mixture of accuracy and inaccuracy? Either we must say that the poet saw the characteristic features of a landscape or a city, and condensed them into an epithet, but had no notion, mentally, of mapping out the country—so that when, for the purposes of his poem, he put his places together, he put them together with reference, not to geography, but according to the fancy of the moment and the exigencies of his versification. Or we may say, what Mr. Clark says, that the epithets were the common and traditional property of numerous bards, and that they are brought into the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* as the "blue" Mediterranean is brought into the composition of a modern poet who has never left England. This is probable in itself, and gets over the difficulty. But it evidently raises the whole question of the origin of the Homeric poems. For if other bards had been gifted with the poetic power necessary for the creation of these epithets, and if, through their creations, there ran the kind of unity and harmony which link these epithets together, we nearly come to the end of the argument for the unity of the poems which is derived from the peculiarity of their poetical power and the homogeneity of their parts.

That topographical accuracy was considered unnecessary, or rather was never thought of as being necessary or unnecessary, is shown by the license with which the great dramatists handled the localities of their tragedies. "If," says Mr. Clark, "the

* *Peloponnesus: Notes of Study and Travel.* By William George Clark, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1858.

Argive topography of *Æschylus* is indefinite and negative, that of *Sophocles* is elaborately wrong." In the opening scene of the *Electra*, the Pedagogue standing before the Palace of Mycenæ says to Orestes, "Here is the ancient Argos you were longing for, and this on the left is the renowned Temple of Hera." As a matter of fact, Argos was between five and six miles distant, and the Heraeum nearly two. The poet thought only of the objects of interest which grouped themselves together in his mind and in the minds of his auditors, when the history of the Atreidae was the main subject of thought, and everything that was interesting he put together without regard to geographical mileage. Mr. Clark illustrates this in a passage which will give a specimen of his style and of the livelier portions of his work:—

The truth was that neither *Sophocles* nor his "Pedagogue" thought of administering a lecture on topography under the guise of a dramatic entertainment—as Milton or Ben Jonson might have done; so far from it, he held the entertainment to be all in all, and made topography and everything else give way to it. He wanted to produce an effect by bringing Argos, Mycenæ, and the Heraeum within the compass of a single *coup d'œil*, and I warrant that not one of the spectators was pedantic enough to quarrel with him for it. He would not have taken similar liberties with the neighbourhood of Athens—on the contrary, in the *Edipus at Colonus* he is rigorously exact, because the audience were too familiar with the scene not to be shocked at any departure from fact; and in that case the most powerful effect was to be obtained by adhering to it. I remember to have read a play of M. Victor Hugo's, called, I think, *Marie Tudor*, where the scene opens with the following stage direction: "Palais de Richmond; dans le fond à gauche l'Eglise de Westminster, à droite la Tour de Londres." Not one of the audience would be shocked by this impossible compression, and therefore the poet was quite justified in annihilating space to make a thousand people happy. If either play would have gained a title by the change, M. Victor Hugo would not have hesitated a moment to make the *Abbey* and the *Tower* change places, nor *Sophocles* to transfer the *Temple of Hera* from the left hand to the right. But France is the only country which in these days has a living drama, and whose poetry is not cramped by pedantry.

Mr. Clark started from Corinth, and then went by Nemea, Argos, Karyia, and Mantinea to Sparta. Of the portion of the work which describes that part of his journey, the description of Mycenæ is, perhaps, the best and most interesting section. The ruins of that celebrated place have been so often described that Mr. Clark prudently abstains from going into full detail. He only gives what he thinks has some novelty in it. He points out with succinctness and clearness the advantages of position which made the site so favourable, that "if there were not one stone left upon another, we might still affirm with certainty that a city once stood there." After leaving Sparta, Mr. Clark's route lay by Navarino and Messene to Phigalea, and the site of the magnificent Temple of Bassæ, the only temple now remaining in the Peloponnese of which the plan and dimensions can still be estimated. A short stage brought him to what were once the greater glories of Olympia, and although the account of the temple and of the statue of Zeus, the masterpiece of Phidias, is not new, it brings before us old learning in a pleasant and graphic manner. The latter portion of the journey by Elis, Pheneos, and Sicyon has less to interest, but the watercourse which bears the name of the Styx affords Mr. Clark an opportunity of some good observations on the absurdity of supposing that an Arcadian waterfall is really to be identified with the awful river of hell, of which earthly rivers are only the outlets. "The Homeric ideal is that of a great river falling down in a sheer cataract to the under world, and then running with a mighty stream to infinite distance, flowing as well beneath the roots of the Thessalian hills as below the palace of Hades, beyond the ocean stream." Nor is the Styx of Pausanias—that is, the waterfall in the Arcadian glen—the same as the Styx of Herodotus, which is a little stream trickling drop by drop into a basin in the town of Nonacris. All we know is, that there was some water near Pheneos by which men in Homeric or post-Homeric times feared to forswear themselves, and that this either suggested or was suggested by the vast and visionary stream which is the terror of the gods in the Homeric poems.

Mr. Clark attends to Modern Greece as well as to ancient, and if his estimate is not very favourable, and his anticipations not very sanguine, at any rate he is very free from the prejudices of the Philhellenists. Greece has not fulfilled all the hopes that were entertained for her, but still things have improved and are improving since the Turks were driven out. "Bad as the government of Greece may be," says Mr. Clark, "it yet offers tolerable, and in the Morea, perfect, security for life and property. The Morea of to-day is a very Eden compared with the Morea of forty years ago." Everywhere fresh land is being reclaimed from the wastes. Still agriculture has much to contend with, and has been greatly thwarted by misgovernment, and by the fraudulent transfer or reckless alienation of Crown lands. The great difficulty in the way of any real progress is the Greek Church, which not only rests on religious belief, but is the visible type and the true bond of Greek nationality. But its superstitions make its creed unbearable for educated men, and thus there is a complete divorce between the belief of the educated and the habits and feelings of the vulgar. But a Church or a religion is not in such danger of passing away because educated men cannot believe in it, as might be supposed. It is a part of social life—it is a necessary political instrument—it appeals to the pride and the imagination of every one as a part of the traditions of the past. Mr. Clark's remarks on this point are worth reading:—

France, in these latter days, had a long succession of sceptical prelates; Rome, in the Middle Ages, a long series of infidel popes; in the ancient

Rome, many generations of augurs laughed in each other's faces; and Eleusis found for four centuries after Christ hierophants of her exploded mysteries. So in modern Greece we may find that, for a long time to come, the king, ministers, senators and deputies, the professors and students of the university, and all the priests who are not also peasants, will be utter disbelievers, while the lower orders will retain a deep-rooted conviction of the efficacy of relics and the divine obligation to abstain from eggs. Meanwhile the upper ranks of the hierarchy will, with all due gravity, mumble the mass and exhibit the authentic mummy of an apostle; and the upper ranks of the laity as solemnly chant the responses and kiss the mummy's toe. In that case all hope of the establishment of some rational form of Christianity will lie in the small body of men who may be found honest enough not to palter with their consciences, and bold enough to face the protracted martyrdom which a society composed of superstitious fanatics and conforming infidels will be sure to inflict with peculiar refinement of cruelty. These may break away from Pharisee and Sadducee, and form a separate sect, which, persecuted and despised, may be the very salt of the social body—a living seed sown among corruption—the nucleus and germ of a future national church.

LA MORTE D'ARTHURE.*

A NEW edition of our greatest chivalrous romance is an event of more importance than may appear at first sight. Even if the *Morte d'Arthur* had nothing but its literary merits to rest upon, the story which Milton and Dryden had thoughts of telling again in verse, and which, after two centuries of neglect, has actually inspired our greatest poet and the most popular school among our artists, can scarcely fail to have an undying interest for Englishmen. Indeed, in spite of bad type and a corrupt text, the last portable editions, which appeared some forty years ago, have been completely bought up, and were lately as impossible to find as the lost Decade of Livy; and even Southey's edition, though buried in stately quarto volumes and disguised in the spelling of Caxton, commands a higher price than it obtained originally. The three little volumes which Mr. Wright has edited have the great advantages of a convenient size, sensible notes, and a text which is sufficiently archaic and yet intelligible. The version of 1634 preserves the antique colouring of the original, and has precluded the necessity of a translation into that affected English which Dr. Arnold introduced as the style of legendary narrative. There is only one omission of which we have a right to complain. The editor has not attempted to explain the real character of the sources from which the *Morte d'Arthur* has been derived. No one knows better than Mr. Wright that the different romances which he speaks of in his preface are, in part at least, reproductions of older stories, and that the thoughts, passions, and religion of some ten centuries at least are woven together in the great mediæval epic of Northern Europe.

This, in fact, is only what we find everywhere. The boldest assertor of the unity of the Homeric poems would probably admit that the poet had worked up the legends of several Hellenic tribes into one artistic whole. The sacred bards in Ægina and Phthia had sung of Diomed and Achilles before the blind old man of Scios called them out from their local antiquity to be heroes of the Grecian Fatherland. And in spite of that divine gift of a nameless plastic power by which the Greek everywhere, like the Prometheus of his own mythology, touched all that his hands wrought with the fire of life, the skilful critic can still point out where the flaw and join are to be seen; and we know that the statue was cunningly put together, not hewn from the block. Only the critics of Alexandria and Göttingen could murmur at such a discovery. Whoever draws purely from himself can give us at best a limited experience—the passions or logic of a single mind—a *Don Juan* or a *Maud*. But the great fathers of art, who took fearlessly what they found around them, and worked up all the ages into song, partake of the breadth and energy of our common human nature. They speak of laughter and tears as matters of household life, not of subtle analysis; they can find words for the struggles of a nation, while the workings of a morbid self-consciousness are beyond the limits of their art. This utter absence of all that is special and personal in their works is the great mystery of their lives, and the great argument of a later age to show that they never lived. It seems so strange that the war of Greek and Persian, the vision of Heaven and Hell, or the mixed influences of doubt, jealousy, or love, should have appeared more worthy of record to Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare, than petty distresses, or pique against a woman or the world, or quarrels with a wife. It seems so strange that the works in which great lives have been summed-up should not carry with them a portion of personal vanity—not even the *ipse fecit* of the master who has finished his task and rests.

These considerations apply eminently to the *Morte d'Arthur*. It is not a single story, but a cycle of epic undergrowths, attaching themselves, it may be, to some genuine historical tradition of a great British champion. The Pagan legends of a giant or a god had been baptized with the converted people, and Arthur had become a Christian king, fighting for liberty and the faith against the Saxons who built their kingdom over British graves. But as years went on, the Saxons were themselves subdued, and the name of Arthur awoke no remembrance of bitterness, but seemed only an heroic light in the past. The stories of his marvellous birth, of his conquest over Rome and Gaul, and of the homage rendered to

* *The History of King Arthur and of the Knights of the Round Table*. Compiled by Sir Thomas Mallory, Knt. Edited from the Text of the edition of 1634, with Introduction and Notes by Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A. London: John Russell Smith.

Britain by the twelve peers of France, were the natural delight of a people whom a French nobility had conquered, and whose saints a foreign church had expelled. Then, too, Henry I., who espoused the people's cause against the nobles, whom the homage due to France irritated, and who looked distrustfully on the European movement of the Crusades, was well pleased to let a history arise in which England was greater than Europe, and sufficient for itself. Arthur's exploits and royalty were an offset to the glory of Charlemagne, and the still more brilliant halo which surrounded those who had rescued the Holy Sepulchre. But fifty years later, the tide of English feeling was changed. Norman and Saxon had been fused, and there was no need to preach up nationality to men who spoke a French patois, but to whom Frenchman was a positive title of contempt. The second Henry promised and meditated crusades, and his son redeemed the pledge. Under these influences of chivalry and religion, a second order of romance arose. The Quest of the Sangreal, or real blood of the Lord, borne by angels over the world, and only to be seen by the pure of heart as well as the brave, was now the great emblem of the knightly life. A grander symbol of the crusading spirit and the duties of chivalry could scarcely be conceived. And Arthur, the British king, was again brought in as the founder and centre-piece of chivalry, though his position is rather that of the feudal sovereign than of the actual knight-errant. Enough of old associations remained about his name to indicate the propriety that a more typical knight should achieve the Sangreal. And thus we learn the two great polar divisions of the *Morte d'Arthur*. By turns insular and European, Celtic and Norman, political and chivalrous, it has yet that sort of unity which the people and age possessed. Different conceptions and a clumsy adjustment by an unskilful compiler, make the story critically imperfect, but not unnatural. We feel that the self-devotion which faith inspires, may well have been engrafted on the egotism of purportless valour; and the story is only the more real, because it records two stages in a nation's life.

But Sir Thomas Mallory enriched his compilation from other sources besides the legends of Arthur and the Sangreal. The story of Tristram, in particular, occupying a third of the whole narrative, was first given in a popular form by a writer of the time of Henry III. The story suits the character of the times. It is written for the pastime of a frivolous Court, not as matter of real import for soldiers and gentlemen. It is full of miracle and adventure, of sorcery and deeds of arms, but neither national nor religious heroism enters into it. Southey has treated the main conception of the story with great severity. Sir Tristram is returning from the Court of King Anguish of Ireland, with la beale Isoud, the King's daughter, who is to marry King Marke of Cornwall:—

And then the Queene, la beale Isoud's mother, gave unto Dame Bragwaine, her daughter's gentlewoman, and unto Governale a drinke, and charged them that what day King Marke should wed, that same day they should give him that drinke, so that King Marke should drinke unto la beale Isoud, "and then I undertake," said the Queene, "either shall love other all the dayes of their life." So this drinke was given to Governale, and to Dame Bragwaine, and then anon Sir Tristram and la beale Isoud, took the sea. And when they were in their cabin, it happened so that they were thirstie, and sawe a little flacket of gold stand by them, and it seemed by the colour and taste that it was noble wine. So Sir Tristram took the flacket in his hand, and said, "Madame Isoud, here is the best drinke that ever ye dranke, which Dame Bragwaine, your maide, and Governale, my servant, have kept for themselves." And then they laughed and made good chere, and either dranke to other freely, and they thought never drinke that ever they dranke to other was so sweete nor so good. But by that their drinke was in their bodies they loved each other so well that their love never departed for weale nor woe. And thus happened first the love between Sir Tristram and la beale Isoud, the which love never departed all the dayes of their life.

Southey observes with some plausibility that love loses its pure and real character when we look upon it as the result of a philtre. Much the same criticism has been applied to Homer, and Madame de Genlis argues that we lose sight of the hero's courage from the moment that a god interposes and assists. Yet it is doubtful if the supernatural element has ever clouded the valour of Achilles or destroyed the interest of Iseult's constancy to an ordinary reader. The fact is, that in both cases the critic has misconceived the real object of the machinery. We feel that Athene does not give courage, but success; and that Thersites could never have sat by her side like Diomed. What Greek story sought to explain was the ruin that often overtook, not the coward and the base, but the brave and good. For us, who know that the gods have doomed him, Hector is to the end unconquered, and we sympathize with Oedipus and Orestes, because the crime does not cleave to their hands, and they are innocent in virtue of destiny. Just so, in the romance of *Tristram*, the constancy of the two lovers is in itself a natural feature of such characters in such a story; but Iseult's adultery and Tristram's treason to a kinsman and a king required the excuse of *circumstances attenuantes* in an age which was impure in practice, but which still regarded marriage as a sacrament. The old novelist accordingly tells us that his heroine was under a charm, where Molière would have thought it sufficient to describe her as the wife of a citizen, or George Sand as a *femme incomprise*. The method employed seems clearly of Breton origin, and, like the rest of the narrative, appears to indicate very high antiquity. It has certainly achieved the end proposed. Tristram and Iseult are for ever united in a stainless immortality of tradition, whilst the loves of Guenever and Lancelot, although one is Arthur's queen and the other his bravest knight, have always a coarse and sensual character about them. Their passion and constancy

have never passed into household words; and only the penitence in which their ruined lives are ended appeals to the world and Heaven against pitiless contempt.

The *Morte d'Arthur* is the epic of the middle ages in their secular and chivalrous aspects, as the *Divine Commedia* gives us the measure of their spiritual conceptions. The English romance must therefore always remain the great text-book of those who wish to understand the actual compeers of *Cœur-de-Lion*. The basis of every character is an exuberant physical life and an aristocratic self-reliance. Spirited adventure, sensual passion, and an utter contempt for the lower orders of men are the natural features of such a society. We in England are apt to confound the reverence paid to women with belief in their purity. In mediæval literature, as in French novels of our own time, the woman is always the fountain of honour from whom the tone and laws of social life proceed, but she is also, almost without exception, corruptible or corrupt. The contrast is even heightened by the austere morality of the nobler knights of fable. The chivalrous ideal was more exacting than the instincts of womanhood; and the knight was willing to live and die in the service of weakness and beauty which did not respect themselves. Perhaps the utter absence of the clerical element in the *Morte d'Arthur* is even more astonishing. The doctrines of the Church are clearly revered, and are even the great motive of action, but the men who teach them are scarcely ever to be met. An occasional hermit represents the splendid hierarchy which we know held half the power of the world, and which we place in the foreground of the great picture of society. It is there as an influence, and we cannot understand the story without it. The softest spiritual touches, Galahad's pilgrimage and Guenever's penitence, are all borrowed from the liturgy and the convent; but the feud between the layman and the priest forbids the presence upon knightly ground of a rival and unwelcome caste. Death first brings them into fellowship, and the priest blesses ominously the last moments of the last of King Arthur's company.

The passages which have made the *Morte d'Arthur* immortal belong chiefly to the last part. Instead of adventures and joustings for the mere love of battle, we approach the solemn service of the whole Round Table in search of the mystical presence of the Lord. Arthur's prophecy that his "true fellowship shall never meete more againe" seems the presage of the destruction of chivalry when its real object is achieved. What wonder if, as the knights "mounted upon their horses, and rode through the streets of Carmelot . . . there was weeping of the rich and poor, and the King returned away, and might not speake for weeping." Galahad's vision of glory is the hour of his death. The remnant of the company is gathered again at Arthur's court, but the shadow of death is upon them. The guilty passion of Lancelot finds its consummation in treason against the King, who has "most had his joy and his affiance in him." Gawaine falls in loyal service, and Arthur is wounded to death at the very moment when his last field is won. The manner of his death need never be told again, if indeed he died, for "some men yet say, in many parts of England, that King Arthur is not dead, but had, by the will of our Lord Jesu Christ, gone into another place, and men say that he will come again and he shall winne the holy crosse." But Arthur never lived again for knighthood; and the shock of their great solitude, when the husband and the friend is dead, startles even Lancelot and Guenever to penitence and prayer. We seem to pass at once to the other side of life; and Lancelot's true service to his lady makes him follow her through vigil and fast, as he had once hoped to place her at the right hand of his throne. "Sithence yee have taken you unto perfection, I must needs take me unto perfection of righte." The soldier's chivalrous devotion is rewarded with a miracle, and after a year's seclusion "the angels heave up Sir Lancelot towards heaven, and the gates of heaven open against him." "The head of all Christen knights" takes with him the whole world's chivalry to slumber with other memories of the past in "the great arms of infinite mercy."

A COMIC FALSTAFF.*

THE *Life of Sir John Falstaff* is one of those joint-stock publications which are so common in the present day. Mr. Cruikshank draws the pictures, and Mr. Brough furnishes the letterpress and the preface. The pictures, which are described in the preface as the substantial part of the book, are in some respects very good. We do not altogether admire Mr. Cruikshank's conception of Falstaff. He makes him look like a man who is always trying to look sly, and he seems to us to give too much refinement to the outline of his face. Indeed nothing can be stranger than the contrast between the elaboration of these etchings, and the breadth, force, and quaintness of the woodcuts by which the artist made his reputation some thirty years ago. The accessories are in almost every case capital. Nothing can be better than the views of Coventry, Shrewsbury, and Windsor. Justice Shallow's orchard and house are excellently drawn, and two or three views of the streets of London are more free from exaggeration than is usually the case with drawings, especially comic drawings of mediæval scenes.

* *The Life of Sir John Falstaff*. Illustrated by George Cruikshank, with a Biography of the Knight from authentic sources. By Robert B. Brough. London: Longmans. 1858.

Here, however, our praise must stop. The letterpress of the book appears to be bad throughout; yet we must own in honesty that we have not read the whole, though we have read the greater part of it. It is bad, not so much in execution, as in design and sentiment; and we are inclined to think that the preface is the worst part of the whole. Mr. Brough tells us that he "disclaims any share in whatever public approval the work may attract," which disclaimer he makes "in the spirit of pure business-like candour." He has "simply fulfilled, to the best of his powers, a contract cheerfully accepted, but not drawn up by him." He "claims no higher place in the transaction than one proportionate to that of the fiddler who amuses the audience between the acts of a play, or the lecturer who talks unheeded nonsense while a panorama is unrolling." Finally, "the concluding portion of his labours has been achieved under acute and prolonged physical suffering. This may be no excuse for loose or indifferent writing, but in the memorable words of Ben Jonson to John Sylvester, it is true." The last sentence would have protected the book from any criticism of ours if its faults had occurred in the execution, and not in the design; but we think that the book illustrates more than one principle the assertion of which is peremptorily required by the interests of literature. It is a rule of pleading that every plea must either traverse, *i.e.*, deny the facts charged, or confess and avoid—that is, admit and justify them; but a plea of confession without avoidance is not only a bad plea, but the worst of all. There is a certain class of literary gentlemen who take a sort of cynical satisfaction in such pleas, and Mr. Brough would, from the present work, appear to be one of them. Mr. Thackeray, we think, was the first person who set this bad fashion in our country. Balzac had preached it long before in France with characteristic vehemence, though we must in fairness add, that whilst he preached he denounced it. The readers of the *Life of Mr. Pendennis* can hardly have forgotten with what a graceful and melancholy frankness that gentle cynic gives up his literary illusions. He tells us that he knows quite well that he is a mere hever of wood and drawer of water—he has no self-deception—he only writes for money, and so long as he punctually discharges the terms of his contract he considers that no one has a right to take him to task. We never quite believed Mr. Pendennis. In his heart of hearts he does not look upon himself quite in the light of a butcher, or baker, or candlestick-maker. He tells you that he regards his literary labours as merely commercial undertakings, partly because he is naturally rather cynical, partly because he hopes you will not take him at his word, but will think him an interesting character, and be somewhat mollified in respect of criticism. There may be dandyism and affectation in drab as well as in other colours; and literary gentlemen in the present day are not more exempt from those faults when they choose to go masquerading in the dress of solid, prosaic workmen, than they were when they openly proclaimed themselves the superiors and rulers of the everyday world.

The real reason for not taking, or affecting to take, this view of literary occupations, is that it is not the true one. No doubt there are occupations connected with literature in one form or another which are as sober and respectable as the most commonplace trades or professions. An editor is as much a man of business as a barrister or a physician; but a man is not justified in looking upon authorship entirely in this light. No man who has a due notion of the nature and purposes of intellectual gifts will engage to write whatever the public like to buy, without reference to the character of the article supplied. We cannot comprehend how a man of honour and spirit can bear to come before the world and say:—"I am a mere showman and mountebank, hired to talk nonsense. Here you have your nonsense. I hope you like it; it is your responsibility, and not mine; you ordered it; I supply it; and so long as I give you fair measure, no one has any right to complain of the bargain." If this is the true account of the production of any book whatever, its author ought to be thoroughly ashamed of himself. If it is not the true account, it is a very paltry and offensive piece of vanity to publish it.

We should not have noticed Mr. Brough's preface at such length if it had not appeared to us to be a substantially fair account of his book. As he tells us himself, it is so much fun done to order, to set off Mr. Cruikshank's etchings. It is not the kind of order which any man of taste and feeling could have executed. The circumstances under which it was written prevent us from offering any criticism on points of detail, but it is in effect nothing less than an elaborate effort to vulgarize one of the noblest productions of human genius. The man who could deliberately sit down to construct a comic Falstaff, might go on to bring out a legal Statute Book or a devotional Bible. Shakspeare's historical plays are the only realization of the dream which modern novelists so often entertain of giving a picture of an epoch. They set before us feudal England in all the grandeur and nobleness of its policy, and in all the racy vigour of its private life. The grave King—the Prince, hovering between the hero and the rake—Hotspur, with his wild feudal courage, his love, his generosity, his stormy passions, and his pointed eloquent wit—the shrewd old Judge, the silly Squire, Falstaff, Mrs. Quickly, and all their crew of rogues—the recruits, the soldiers, and endless other characters—form a whole of the most exquisite and marvellous art, but each of the parts depends for its merit on the general design. Separate Falstaff from the rest of the play, and represent all the other characters from his point of view,

and he becomes a mere funny man, and they a set of miserable, unmeaning puppets. This is what Mr. Brough has done through 196 large 8vo pages. He appears to find the serious and affecting parts of Shakspeare dull, and he reduces them, as it were, to a common denominator. He gives us Prince Henry with a sort of pedantry which appears to have passed over in the present generation from scholars to wits. Could any other age have produced a man capable of describing the scene between the Prince of Wales and Hotspur in the slang of the prize-ring? We invite our readers to consider a specimen of the contrast:—

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

P. Hen.

Why, I see

A very valiant rebel of the name.
I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more;
Nor can one England brook a double reign
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

Hot.

Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come
To end the one of us; and would to God
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine.

P. Hen.

I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot.

I can no longer brook thy vanities.

(They fight.)

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal! Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

We need not quote the rest. Our readers, we hope, need no words of ours to remind them of the two noble speeches, "Oh Harry, thou hast robbed me of my youth," and "Food for worms, brave Percy, fare thee well, great heart!"—with which the scene closes; nor need we quote Falstaff's sham death, or the speech with which he rises. The contrast between the splendour of the tragic and the fun of the comic part of the scene is what no poet that ever lived, except Shakspeare, would have ventured upon. To show how sublimity and absurdity jostle each other in this world, without failing to be truly sublime and really witty, is one of the feats peculiar to his genius. Mr. Brough does not think that this is comic, and proceeds to make it comic accordingly. Prince Henry and Hotspur disappear, and are replaced in the description as follows:—

The two young Henrys, Percy and Plantagenet, had met, at a short distance from the scene of the last recorded struggle, and were exchanging formal civilities previous to the laudable operation of cutting each other's throat, after the chivalrous manner of our prize-ring gladiators. . . . The Game Chicken, from the wilds of Northumberland, complimented the Lark Boy, champion of the Westminster light weights, with some irony rather implying a regret that the latter bantam should be in a recently hatched and inadequately-fledged condition, and scarcely entitled to the honours of immolation at the hands, or rather the red-hot spurred heels of himself, the Northumberland Chicken, which he declared the Lark One was nevertheless fated to undergo; to which Larkly replied by advising his adversary not to crow prematurely, nor too loudly, nor yet to waste arithmetical calculation upon chickens whose incubation was at least problematical.

And so we get on to "round the first," "round the second," &c. This is what modern wit thinks really amusing. It can see nothing but rant and fustian in some of the grandest lines that Shakspeare ever wrote. When Prince Henry says—

"When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound,
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough; this earth that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman;"

he, in comic language, "delivered a funeral oration . . . which proved his Royal Highness to be gifted with the most eminent qualifications for a popular lecturer." Mr. Brough wrote part of his book when in great pain. It must have been very bad indeed when he wrote this part of it. Can the national taste be besotted to such a degree that this sort of thing can really be amusing to anybody? It would be just as easy to give a comic turn to the Ten Commandments, and hardly less disgusting. Suppose "Thou shalt not steal," were to be rendered thus—"The Hebrew legislator then proceeded to remark that any lady or gentleman of that persuasion, who might be tempted by temporary forgetfulness to confound the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*, and to transfer to his own shelves the contents of his neighbour's old-clothes shops, would be boarded, lodged, clothed, and employed at the public expense, for a certain number of calendar months"—such a piece of profanity would be really no worse than Mr. Brough's conduct to Shakspeare. Grand and noble thoughts are the common inheritance of the human race, and it is a public injury and crime to bedaub them with this sort of miserable parody. Indecency or blasphemy would hardly be more injurious to a young reader than this knowing gentleman's harmless little fun about the greatest of all writers. To teach a lad to suppose that he sees through Shakspeare—that he (slang is the only mode of describing slang) is "up to the dodge" of his eloquence, and knows that what were formerly considered noble and generous sentiments are really mere bombast and dramatic business—is to poison in the bud the best and highest parts of his nature. Prince Henry's speech to Falstaff appears to Mr. Brough to have been a piece of conventionality and hypocrisy. To us it seems one of the noblest and best-merited rebukes ever applied to a class which requires to be kept in order more than any other, and which is more apt than any other to issue from that narrow sphere to which, for the good of mankind, it ought

to be confined. We refer our readers to it, merely observing that what Mr. Brough calls his "professional jealousy on behalf of fools and jesters," may be, as he says, "excusable," but is certainly not justifiable.

MISSIONARY LIFE IN TEXAS AND MEXICO.*

FRANCE is an indifferent colonizer, and books of travel and adventure occupy an inconsiderable position in her literature. To our island race, above all others, appears to have been given the hungry heart that cannot rest at home whilst seas and continents remain untraversed and unexplored. Yet, in the noblest of all fields of adventure, where the danger and the duty are surrounded with no halo of the world's favour, and have no reward to look for in the world's renown, France has her adventurers who, in an age of faith, would deserve to be called apostles. In our own busy and material age, men of restless spirit are driven across the ocean by the disgust of politics or the weariness of society, to seek a fresher field of hope, or a refuge in the solitudes of untravelled worlds from the fretful fever of civilization. The worn-out victim of ease and enjoyment takes to distant hardships in search of a sensation, perhaps with the malignant purpose of punishing a public he despises with his "Impressions," half cynical, half romantic, when he comes back—or, worse still, of setting up an "Entertainment," as a Lion on his own account. All this is vulgar enough; but to part from home and friends at an age when life has nothing bitter in its draught, and when the springtide is bursting with promise—to consecrate years of lonely and obscure labour to penury and pain, perhaps to die at last a solitary waif on some forgotten shore—surely this is heroic work, and come from what church they may, such workers are the salt of the earth.

The good and brave young Abbé Domenech, whose "Personal Narrative" we may at once say we have found more readable and more informing than a dozen volumes of ordinary adventure, is not unworthy to be named with Hue in the annals of missionary enterprise, and we know not how to give him higher praise. We speak of personal characteristics, and in these—in the qualifications for a life of self-denying severity, not exercised under the protecting shadow of a cloister, but in hourly conflict with danger and necessity—the one looks to us like a younger brother in likeness to the other. The Abbé Domenech is now only thirty-three years of age, but already shattered and disabled by the privations and fatigues in which the freshest years of his manhood were consumed. It was in the early winter of 1845 that his heart leaped at the call of the Vicar Apostolic of Texas, who was then at Lyons recruiting for the ministry of his vast and scattered diocese. The Bishop's invitation was no tempting one to vulgar ambition. There was no romance in the picture. Hunger and thirst, journeyings incessant amidst savage men and beasts, under a raging sun or in the night-damp of a fever-stricken soil—no touch was wanting to enforce the warning to weak hearts. And it was "to this unknown future of trials and sacrifices" that this young man of nineteen felt himself irresistibly impelled. Early in the spring of 1846 he sailed from Havre for New Orleans, in company with a number of German emigrants and a few fellow missionaries. As he bids farewell to his native country, even the episcopal blessing cannot heal the pang of separation, and we do not augur the worse of the future priest because he had not the strength to remain at such a moment unmoved by human sympathies. On the first Sunday after Easter a solemn high mass was chanted at sea; and the deep sense of natural religion which all men feel in the presence of that mighty loneliness was intensified by the "little chapel which was, thanks to the offerings of the French ladies, as beautiful and graceful as a *reposoir* on the Fête-Dieu." On the 24th of May the ship is nearing the mouth of the Mississippi. From New Orleans the Abbé (as we already call him by anticipation), after a short stay, ascends the river as far as St. Louis, in the State of Missouri, where he remained two years in the Ecclesiastical College to complete his preparation for the apostolic life. In a few rapid touches he describes the immense monotony of the boundless plains and interminable forests through which the mighty river flows as far as Cairo; and Cairo he dismisses as a town consisting of two houses and a bridge of boats. His impression of American scenery generally is an impression of vastness without variety or charm. In May, 1848, he descends the Mississippi again to New Orleans to take the steamer for Galveston, the chief port of Texas and "the episcopal residence," and he has the singular good fortune to accomplish a proverbially perilous voyage in safety. His account of Texas, its physical geography, its earlier and later history, its populations, settled and nomad, and of the history and customs of the Indian tribes and their forms of religious worship, is concisely full and clear; and now that the new destiny of these regions is beginning to unfold itself, we recommend to particular attention the few pages in which all that is worth knowing about their past and present condition is summed up.

The Abbé left France on his first mission in the year in which Texas was annexed to the United States, and he reached Galveston in the year in which peace was signed between the United States and Mexico. Since that time emigration from

Europe and America to Texas has vastly increased; tracts of land have been granted to the earlier settlers, to German colonists, and to soldiers who served in the wars. "Prosperity," says the Abbé, "increases every day." Nevertheless we should hesitate a little to recommend Texas to an intending emigrant. At Galveston, at the time of the Abbé's arrival, the "Episcopal Residence" consisted of three wretched huts; but here of an evening, grouped around the Bishop, and listening to his kindly words of counsel and encouragement, a few of his flock were accustomed to beguile their happiest hours. There was no cathedral as yet—worship was celebrated in a small wooden chapel, in which the faithful were sometimes glad to perform their devotions under umbrellas. From Galveston, the Abbé was sent to San Antonio de Bexar, in the interior. He takes the steamboat to Houston, "a wretched little town, composed of about twenty shops and a hundred huts, dispersed here and there among trunks of felled trees," and finds it "infested with Methodists and ants." From Houston he "posts" to San Antonio; and if our readers want to know what posting is in a land where there are no roads, they will consult the Abbé with advantage.

San Antonio, from its position near the north-eastern frontier of Mexico, is a place of some commercial importance, and serves as a depôt for the transport of the merchandize of the United States into the interior of Mexico. Here the Abbé found the mission served by Spanish priests, who gave him one compartment of a garret for a lodging. His furniture consisted of "a miserable kind of camp bed, without either mattress or pailasse, a crazy table, and two chairs, one of which was without a bottom, the other wanted a leg." His sofa was a *public coffin*. A skylight window afforded a cheering view of the burial-ground, and the roof gave free admission to sun and rain. "Dormice, rats, spiders, mosquitos, and insects of every denomination in myriads lived and broiled" in his society. He was obliged to close the window, under which the women bathed and gambolled publicly. He could not take a walk in the town for the heat, or stray a pistol-shot beyond the town for fear of the Indians. In this garret, deprived of air, exercise, and occupation, his health languished, and he became subject to sudden fainting fits once or twice a day. After two months of intense bodily and mental suffering, the Abbé would fain have returned to Galveston, even on foot and without money. But at this juncture, the Bishop arrived, and desired him to prepare for ordination, for as yet he was a student only. Can we wonder that the young man hesitated an instant to bind himself by irrevocable vows? His friend, the Abbé Dubuis, however, rejoined him soon after, and by earnest solicitations easily prevailed over his doubts and hesitations. A week after he was ordained priest. Who can read without emotion the following confession?—

I bethought me of the young clerics in the old country, who, on the occasion of their ordination, are surrounded by relatives and friends from whom they receive counsel and encouragement. As for myself, I was separated from all I held dear in the world; I was alone, and opening before me was a life of solitude and hardships without end. To me the chalice was a bitter one; but, aided by God's grace, I felt no inward regret. And yet it was one of those days in my existence in which religion should have shed her most benign influence, and imparted to me all her saving counsels; for on that day I offered the sacrifice of my life and of my whole being.

The young Abbé's mission, in conjunction with the Abbé Dubuis, comprised the German Catholic settlers scattered over the north-western boundary of Texas, and the Irish soldiers employed in the American service to repress the incursions of the Indian tribes. At Castroville he found the missionary quarters already tenanted, but was graciously welcomed by the family. The church was a "wretched cabin;" the parsonage consisted of two rooms, a barn, a vegetable garden, a yard, and two cabins, one of which was kitchen and school-room. In the garden was the grave of the Abbé Chazelle, who had died not long before. The Abbé's food consisted of wild salad gathered on the mountains, "at the risk of being bitten by rattlesnakes or scalped by the Indians," of some morsels of pork and bacon, and dried venison, which he mistook for a sponge. Condemned to silence and isolation by his ignorance of the language of the settlers, no wonder he "fell into mortal *ennui* before the end of a fortnight." When he baptized a child, the father inquired how much was due to the priest, and being assured that the offering was voluntary, returned a polite bow. It was evident that this voluntary system would not work, and the Abbé wisely resolved "to exercise generosity only in such cases of charity as rendered its exercise a duty." The people soon began to take pity on his youth and loneliness, and to make him presents of vegetables and fresh meat, which he found "quite matters of luxury and high living." His chief recreation consisted in making a collection of minerals and reptiles, and he gives a curious account of the life and manners of rattlesnakes and cobras. One day he was called to administer to a dying man, who had been bitten by a rattlesnake. He took with him a small bottle of liquid ammonia and a bistoury; with the latter he enlarged the wound, and with the former cauterized it, and the dying man was cured. Another day a royal serpent crept up the sacristan's legs, from its nest beneath the altar, and the poor sacristan, "an old little man, with enormous spectacles," pommelled it with his missal until it relaxed its hold and crawled back again. The Abbé was fortunately a bit of a cook, and he converted "fattened cats into most delicious fricassees," by way of an occasional treat. Whenever he had a little money to spare, he

* *Missionary Adventures in Texas and Mexico. A Personal Narrative of Six Years' Sojourn in those Regions.* By the Abbé Domenech. Translated from the French under the Author's superintendence. London: Longmans,

laid it out in powder and shot, and replenished the parsonage table with game. On one occasion he killed a crocodile, and caused quite a sensation in the town by the news. "The cooking of it," he says, "was a real *fête*." All this time the work of religious, moral, and material amelioration was going on among the people. The priest was appealed to as a secular as well as religious adviser. "On Sundays, before and after the exercises of religion, and on week days after work, we had numerous visits from those who sought our counsel with reference to the management and improvement of their farms." The colonists even submitted their litigated points to the Abbé Dubuis, and invariably abode by his decisions:—

They regarded in the missionary not merely the priest who instructs, encourages, and consoles, but further, also, and more the practical man who is acquainted with a thousand means of conquering the material necessities of life, of rendering the soil productive, of augmenting its resources—in a word, they looked upon him as a father of a family, who provides for all the necessities of his children, both physical and moral, entirely forgetting himself for their sakes, and enduring on their behalf fatigues and privations of all sorts. And thus we were wholly devoted to our flocks, and to the furtherance of their interests, spiritual and temporal. The tender piety of our people, the poverty of our little church, the simplicity of our ceremonies, frequently touched my heart; and many a time, while I held in my hands our only ostensory of plain wood, which contained the most sacred Host, tears of joy fell from my eyes. Ah! in the noble cathedrals of France, how full of splendour is religion in the external pomp of her ceremonial. Gold and silver and thousands of lights dazzle the eye and speak to the imagination; here, on the contrary, everything speaks to the heart, and transports it, burning with love, to the throne of God.

The Abbé's first expedition was to the colony of Dhanis, thirty-five miles west of Castroville, and equally exposed to the incursions of the Indians and to the ravages of wild beasts. To repress the Indians, a camp was established at a short distance from the settlement. The wild beasts were even more difficult to get rid of, and we read of an enormous panther being shot near the chapel, and of a boar, "attracted no doubt by the chant," making his appearance at vesper. A missionary in these parts must not only be a good shot but a capital rider, too; for his duties require him to be almost always on horseback, galloping from one station to another, and it is rarely indeed that he can sit down for a moment in peace and quiet to talk with a brother of "absent kinsfolk and friends and the old country." On one occasion the Abbé Domenech rides sixty-eight miles under a burning sun without food or rest, at the utmost speed of a wild horse of the prairies. "As a Frenchman, and above all as a Catholic priest," he felt the honour of his country and his church at stake when the American Colonel at the camp of the Leona offered him a mount on a mustang.

When the cholera broke out at San Antonio and at Castroville, the terrible trials of missionary life were immeasurably aggravated, for the priests had to attend to body and soul at the same time. In running to and fro, from one bed to another and from the church to the graveyard, day after day was spent. The Abbé was himself attacked by unmistakable symptoms of the scourge, and cured himself, his brother Abbé, and another countryman, by a prescription which he takes care to tell us he does not recommend to any person. It was simply a mixture of camphorated alcohol, laudanum, unground pepper, and eau-de-Cologne, strained through a fine linen cloth.

In his fifth chapter the Abbé gives an interesting account of the Indians. The most numerous tribe is the Comanches; but the Apaches and the Navajos, amongst others, come on hunting excursions to Texas; and on the banks of the Rio Grande, to the east of Texas, are groups of Manzos, or "good" Indians. Nomade by nature and necessity, it appears that they sometimes sojourn in one place for a period of years, during which the warriors hunt, whilst the remaining portion of the tribe are employed in domestic concerns, the women waiting on the men, and doing all the work. At Fredericksburg some tribes have traded with the colonists; but a treacherous attempt of the Texans to exterminate the chieftains is not forgotten, and frequently avenged. We must refer our readers to the Abbé's chapter on this subject, contenting ourselves with noticing his opinion, that "the tribes are still so numerous that years must elapse before civilization and the 'fire-water' will dissipate them; and that only ignorance can induce a belief that the race is extinct."

The sporting traveller who takes up this volume at the sixth chapter, will be surprised to find his exploits and adventures surpassed by those of a poor priest in search of funds wherewith to build a church; for to build a church, sufficient at least to protect a congregation against rain, sun, serpents and wild beasts, was the supreme ambition of the Abbé and his coadjutor, and with this object he undertook a journey almost penniless to New Orleans and back again. On his return, when he had in his hand the money which had been collected at the cost of his health and strength, and at the peril of his life, we find him brought to such a state of destitution that he was entirely reduced to Indian corn and coffee for his sustenance. It was only through the compassion of one poor old woman that, after repeated visits to his parishioners, he could get something to eat. In this extreme emergency the Abbé Dubuis was compelled to make a touching appeal from the altar:—

"We teach seventy-two of your children and yet you give nothing, not even for their books, which we often furnish gratis. We are about to build a church which will cost you scarcely anything, thanks to our collections, and still you leave us to die of hunger. Call to mind that on one occasion I was not able to preach because I had had no food for forty-eight hours, and that my first colleague, the Abbé Chazelle, died of want still more than of grief.

Thus, since we are made up of bones and flesh, and cannot exist without food, we give you warning that to-morrow we shall quit this colony to seek a residence where more consideration will be shown to us, if from this day forward you do not provide us with the means of living for each month (and in advance), whether in money or in kind, and a half piastre over and above for each pupil attending the school (the children of widows and of the poor we except from this rule). If the first instalment is not paid in before this evening, to-morrow you will no longer see us.

This poignant appeal might well shame the flock out of its cruel neglect. A collection was made on the spot; "and from that day forth," writes the Abbé, "we suffered no more from hunger." After Christmas it was time to set about building the church, which was to be "in the Gothic style, and large enough to accommodate the entire population." Without the aid of pulleys or machinery, with no money to pay for carpenters or stone-cutters, the Abbé Dubuis and his colleague built the church; and if ever human labour was divinely blessed, surely it was this. On Easter-day, 1850, the church appeared in all its beauty, and in it mass was celebrated for the first time. It had cost 130*l*. People came from far and wide to see it, and wondered as they gazed. But the lives of the two devoted men who had completed this labour of more than human love, were spent, and, writes the Abbé, *we spat blood*. They resolved to ask the bishop's leave to return home to seek repose and health in their native air. The building of the church was an inestimable service to the colonists in a secular as well as a religious sense. It encouraged them to build houses of wood and stone; it trebled the value of land in the neighbourhood; it increased all the resources of the people. The Bishop, however, could not spare both the priests; and as the Abbé Domenech was the younger and weaker of the two, he was permitted to return home; and to furnish him with means, the good Bishop, who was about to undertake a journey into the interior, deprived himself of the necessities of life. And so the Abbé revisited France once more; and at ten o'clock one autumn night knocked at his mother's house. His mother knew his voice, but he was obliged to assure his friends and relatives of his identity. He had been a good and faithful servant.

After a sojourn of only three weeks at home the Abbé set out for Rome to render an account of his mission to the Pope. He reached Civita Vecchia with five francs in his pocket and went to Rome "on foot, by daily marches, like the soldiers." At the Vatican he was welcomed with benevolent compassion, and provided with "a handful of gold." A few days after he was again in France, and, although his health was still "very indifferent," and his strength "slow in returning," he yearned once more for the solitudes of the New World, "the grand scenes of nature, and the deep emotions of the heart." "Europe," he confesses, "with its narrow prejudices, its rugged selfishness, and its dull bourgeoisie appeared uninhabitable."

On the 7th of March, 1851, he left France and Europe a second time. But we have already exceeded our limits, and we must be content to recommend in general terms the eight chapters in which the Abbé relates the story of his "Second Journey." In these he describes very shrewdly and humorously the life and habits of the American and Mexican populations on either bank of the Rio Grande; and his personal adventures are seasoned with episodic anecdotes which are not always complimentary to the Yankee incorporators of Texas and conquerors of Mexico. Indeed, it is evident that the good Abbé, who cannot be accused of illiberality or intolerance, has no very exalted opinion of American manners and institutions. But we cannot accept the handsome Yankee Judge of Appeal in Texas, who "decided equitably, in the rare moments of his sobriety," and who proposed a toast "to justice, modified by circumstances," as a representative of the tribunals of the American Union. Nor can we regard the Brownville doctor, who would saw off a leg like a faggot of wood, though he had never even assisted at an amputation, and who "took so great a fancy to titles and offices that at the next election he stood for the vacant judgeship," as a representative of medical science in the States.

To us, the pages in which the Abbé Domenech confesses the trials and sorrows of his own heart are the most interesting of his book. They bear the stamp of a perfect and most touching sincerity; and as we read them we are more and more impressed with the truth which they convey to all churches and all sects. It has been well said, that Heaven is a character before it is a place. The lesson which this Personal Narrative of a poor missionary teaches, seems to us to be that religion is a life before it is a dogma. If true work be not good doctrine, nor faithful service sound belief, at least they are the best representatives of the one and of the other. We recommend the following dialogue to all persuaders. The Abbé Domenech, with other travellers, has taken up his quarters for a night in the outer court of a *ranch*. Not having enough mattresses for all, they were each obliged to accommodate a bed-fellow:—

Mine was a young Jew of the name of Moses, who, falling asleep, said to me, while he laughed,
"Have you suspected that you are going to sleep with a Jew?"
"No. And you, have you dreamt that your bed-fellow is a Catholic priest?"
"Not the remotest idea of it; you now inform me for the first time."
"Think you, then, that our slumbers will be the less tranquil?"
"Certainly not."
"Well, then, good night."
"Good night."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—
TITERS, ALBONI, SPERIA, ORTOLANI, and PICCOLOMINI; BELLETTI, BENE-
VENTANO, VIALETTI, ROSSI, ALDIGHERI, and GIUGLINI.

The following arrangements have been made:—
TUESDAY, July 13th (Last Night but One of the Subscription), LUCREZIA BORGIA, and Divertissement from "La Sonnambula." Madame ROSATI (her last appearance but one); Madlle. POCCHINI (her last appearance).
THURSDAY, July 15th—Signor GIUGLINI'S BENEFIT—(first time this season) LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR—Edgardo, Signor GIUGLINI. After which, a Divertissement from "La Sonnambula," in which Madame ROSATI will make her last appearance. Paoletti's Operetta, LA SERVA PADRONA—Serpio, Madame PICCOLOMINI. To conclude with a Scene from Rossini's ITALIANE IN ALGERIE, including the celebrated Trio "Pappataci," with Signors GIUGLINI, VIALETTI, and ROSSI.
SATURDAY, July 17th (Last Night of the Subscription), IL TROVATORE, the National Anthem, and Divertissement, in which Madlle. BOCCHETTI will appear. Applications to be made at the Box-office at the Theatre.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.
Under the Management of Mr. CHARLES KEAN.
MONDAY, and DURING THE WEEK, will be presented Shakespeare's Play of THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. Shylock, by Mr. C. KEAN; Portia, by Mrs. C. KEAN. Preceded by the new Farce (in One Act), entitled, DYING FOR LOVE.

CRYSTAL PALACE, FRIDAY NEXT, July 16th.—GRAND FESTIVAL CONCERT, under the direction of M. BENEDICT, in the large Handel Orchestra. The following eminent Artists have already accepted engagements:—Madame Lemmans-Sherrington, Miss Stalbach, Miss Louisa Fyde, Madame Weiss, Miss Dolby, and Madame Gassier (her first appearance at the Crystal Palace); Herr Dick, Mr. Weiss, and Mr. Sims Reeves. The Band, including 40 First Violins, 40 Second Violins, 26 Altos, 29 Violoncellos, and 28 Double Basses (with equal proportion of Wind Instruments), will number upwards of 200 Performers, and be composed of the élite of the Profession. The Chorus, including the Vocal Association, will number 800 Vocalists, being a total of 1000 Performers. In the course of the Concert Bach's Triple Concerto for three Pianofortes, and Maurer's Quartette for four Violins, and Orchestra. Conductors, M. Benedict and Mr. Manns.
Price of Tickets, 2s. 6d. until Wednesday, the 14th of July; after that date the price will be 6s. Season Ticket-holders have the right of admission on the occasion.—Seats and Tickets to be obtained at the Office, No. 2, Exeter Hall. Reserved Seats, 2s. 6d. extra each stall. Also at Music-sellers and Principal Libraries.

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL,
IN AID OF THE FUNDS OF THE GENERAL HOSPITAL,
On AUGUST 31st, SEPTEMBER 1st, 2nd, and 3rd, 1858.

PRINCIPAL VOCALISTS,
MADAME CLARA NOVELLO,
MADEMOISELLE VICTOIRE BALFE,
MADAME CASTELLAN,
MADAME ALBONI, MISS DOLBY,
MADAME VIARDOT GARCIA.
MR. SIMS REEVES, SIGNOR RONCONI,
MR. MONTE SMITH, MR. WEISS,
SIGNOR TAMBERLIK, SIGNOR BELLETTI.
ORGANIST.....MR. STIMPSON.
CONDUCTOR.....MR. COSTA.

OUTLINE OF THE PERFORMANCES.
TUESDAY MORNING.
ELIJAH.....MENDELSSOHN.
WEDNESDAY MORNING.
ELI.....COSTA.
THURSDAY MORNING.
MESSIAH.....HANDEL.
FRIDAY MORNING.
JUDITH.....HENRY LESLIE,
LAUDA SION.....MENDELSSOHN,
SERVICE IN C.....BEETHOVEN.
TUESDAY EVENING—A MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT,
COMPRISING
OVERTURE.....(Stags of Corinth).....ROSSINI.
ACTS AND GALATEA (With additional Accompaniments
by Costa).....HANDEL.
OVERTURE.....(Der Freyschütz).....WEBER.
SELECTIONS FROM OPERAS, &c.
OVERTURE.....(Fra Diavolo).....AUBER.
WEDNESDAY EVENING—A MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT,
COMPRISING
SYMPHONY.....(Jupiter).....MOZART.
CANTATA.....(To the Sons of Art).....MENDELSSOHN.
OVERTURE.....(Guillaume Tell).....ROSSINI.
SELECTIONS FROM OPERAS, &c.
OVERTURE.....(Zampa).....HEROLD.
THURSDAY EVENING—A MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT,
COMPRISING
THE SCOTCH SYMPHONY (In A Minor).....MENDELSSOHN.
SERENATA (Composed for the occasion of the Marriage of
the Princess Royal).....COSTA.
OVERTURE.....(Alchymist).....SPHON.
SELECTIONS FROM OPERAS, &c.
OVERTURE.....(Euryanthe).....WEBER.
FRIDAY EVENING—A FULL DRESS BALL.

Parties requiring detailed Programmes of the Performances may have them forwarded by post; or may obtain them on or after the 26th July (with any other information desired), on application to Mr. HENRY HOWELL, Secretary to the Committee, 34, Bennett's Hill, Birmingham.

J. F. LEDSAM, Chairman.

WILL SHORTLY CLOSE.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The FIFTY-FOURTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION, 5, Pall Mall East (close to Trafalgar-square), OPEN from Nine till Dusk. Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.
JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

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ROSA BONHEUR'S NEW PICTURES, "Landais Peasants Going to Market," and "Morning in the Highlands," together with her Portrait, by Ed. DUBUFFE, are NOW ON VIEW, at the German Gallery, 168, New Bond-street. Admission, One Shilling. Open from Nine till Six.

THE ARCHITECTURAL MUSEUM, SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM, W. THE ANNUAL CONVERSAZIONE will take place on THURSDAY NEXT, July 15th. The Chair will be taken in the Theatre at Nine o'clock punctually. The whole of the South Kensington Museum will be open exclusively to the Visitors.
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